OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 158—NO. 8

JUNE 24, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

COMMENT

Cartoon by *Cesare* 226
Trend of the Week 227
Mr. Hoover's Apologia 233
Backstage in Washington 234

ARTICLES

Tit-for-Tariff 235
Oliver McKee, Jr.

Notes on Drinking With Cops 238
Milton St. John

What About the End of the Earth? 240
Sir Oliver Lodge

Mussolini's Balkan Outpost 243
T. R. Ybarra

REGULAR FEATURES

Sports 244
Business 245
Theatre 246
Movies 247
Books 248
Music 252
Prose and Worse 252
From the Life 253

Next Week

Shall We Cut Wages?
By W. O. Scroggs — Nelson Morris

A discussion of one of the most vital problems in industrial life today.

The Panic of the Parents
By Zelda Popkin

Being a parent has been a fad for the last decade—and this article tells what has happened to the children as well as the parents.

Half-Baked Criminology
By Harry Elmer Barnes

Jack Callahan said in "Colleges for Crime," in a recent issue of Outlook, that prisons today were too "soft" and do not reform criminals. "What?" asks Mr. Barnes, who tears Callahan's thesis apart.

The OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, June 24, 1931. Volume 158. Number 8. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan, Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

WITH OUR READERS

Preparedness and Peace

To the Editor: *Knoxville, Tenn.*

SIR—Congratulations on your lucid and sensible editorial in the issue of June 3, titled "The Realist's Dilemma." It is refreshing to a genuine pacifist (one who desires peace so sincerely that he is prepared to fight for it if necessary) to find an idealist who will face the facts.

It is not fair for the so-called pacifists to require us, who fought the last war, and most of whom will help fight the next one, to go into it with an unprepared nation behind us. They have had their day; we have never been prepared for any one of the wars which came upon us, yet we did not avert them thus. Is it not time to give preparedness an opportunity to demonstrate its ability to keep the peace?

J. K. EVANS,
Captain, U. S. Infantry.

Silver as a Basic Money

To the Editor: *Cove, Oregon*

SIR—In your June third issue Mr. L. B. N. Gnaedinger presents a very informative treatise on silver, which should be of great value at this time when the question for action on this metal looms more and more pressing on our economic and monetary horizon.

It is an error to blame India for Great Britain's repeated attempts to put her on a gold standard money base, and also for the native population's wanting to be rid of the deteriorated and very much debased part-silver rupee, all directly chargeable to the British policy for India.

While the author of this treatise presents a number of pertinent reflections on silver and its uses, he reminds us of the late International conferences at Atlantic City and Washington, in which much was said without a single constructive suggestion being brought home for action. On the whole the article merely treats of silver as it has been in the past, but leaves the impression that very little or nothing can be done about it. It does not clarify the fact that silver is just what it has been made to be and that it can as easily be remade to become as stable as gold and even an assistant to make the latter metal far more stable than it has been since 1872.

China and India with nearly 800 million people would never have despised silver, if it had not become almost worthless and one of the most uncertain of commodities on the world's markets. But if once again remonetized as basic money interchangeable with gold at a commensurate ratio, it would at once become as desirable in world commerce as the yellow metal. It is unbelievable that any one should think that there will ever be too much of the two metals combined to serve our two billion people, as it would only mean about twelve dollars per capita.

Mr. Gnaedinger's reflections that silver has been losing the esteem of the world for centuries is utterly false. It is only true that after gold increased in use as money among the western nations, silver declined in that part of the world, until its relative value was fixed in 1713 by Isaac Newton, from which time the two metals remained stable until silver was debased by Great Britain, which had little or no effect on the rest of the world until late in the last century, and did not affect the Orient for internal commerce until after the Great War. It is illogical to hold that the so-called Graham's law would be of any effect if the two metals were treated alike by the fiat of the powers. The fact is that the United States alone can make the two metals interchangeable at any ratio we may think fit, and sustain it easily, because we are strong enough financially and a creditor of the rest of the world for a larger amount than all the gold and silver in existence. It is for us to make or unmake the economics of the world today.

KARL J. STACKLAND.

Drinking Mothers

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—I found Mrs. Richardson's article, "Drinking Mothers," in your June 10th issue interesting, but, having campaigned for suffrage with her back in 1917, I am rather surprised at some of the conclusions she draws.

I agree with her that it is often bewildering and troubling for children to see their mothers slightly the worse (or better) because of a few cocktails. But they are just as much bewildered and troubled at the sight of their fathers in the same condition. I confess a good bit of impatience with the folk who rather take it for granted that Father has a right to the relief and exhilaration that cocktails can give him, but who are aghast if Mother seeks the same relief. Modern, sophisticated women drink for the same good and sufficient reasons that have always sufficed the men; and an admission of this simple fact might clear the air.

The person who has been drinking moves, for the time being, in a different, rosier world; so the altogether sober person is likely to find him trying, and *vice versa*. Therefore, in these days when there is much more real companionship between men and women than formerly, there is a sense of estrangement if the woman refrains while the man indulges. Any one who has been the sober guest at a drinking party will testify to this.

We moderns, men and women, do drink far too much; but there are deep, underlying causes in our tragic civilization at the bottom of this excessive drinking. Let's hear more about these causes. And then, going on from there, let's propose more moderate drinking for both men and women!

STELLA CROSSLEY WARD.

To the Editor: *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

SIR—I have just read the article by Eudora R. Richardson about "Drinking Mothers." I consider it one of the most loathsome articles I ever read. It is false in its interpretation, and either ignorant or hypocritical in its slant on the Eighteenth Amendment.

I also think a paper that will publish such an article is not fit to be in the home of respectable people. What I think of you, Mr. Editor, I will leave to your own imagination.

L. P. ARMSTRONG.

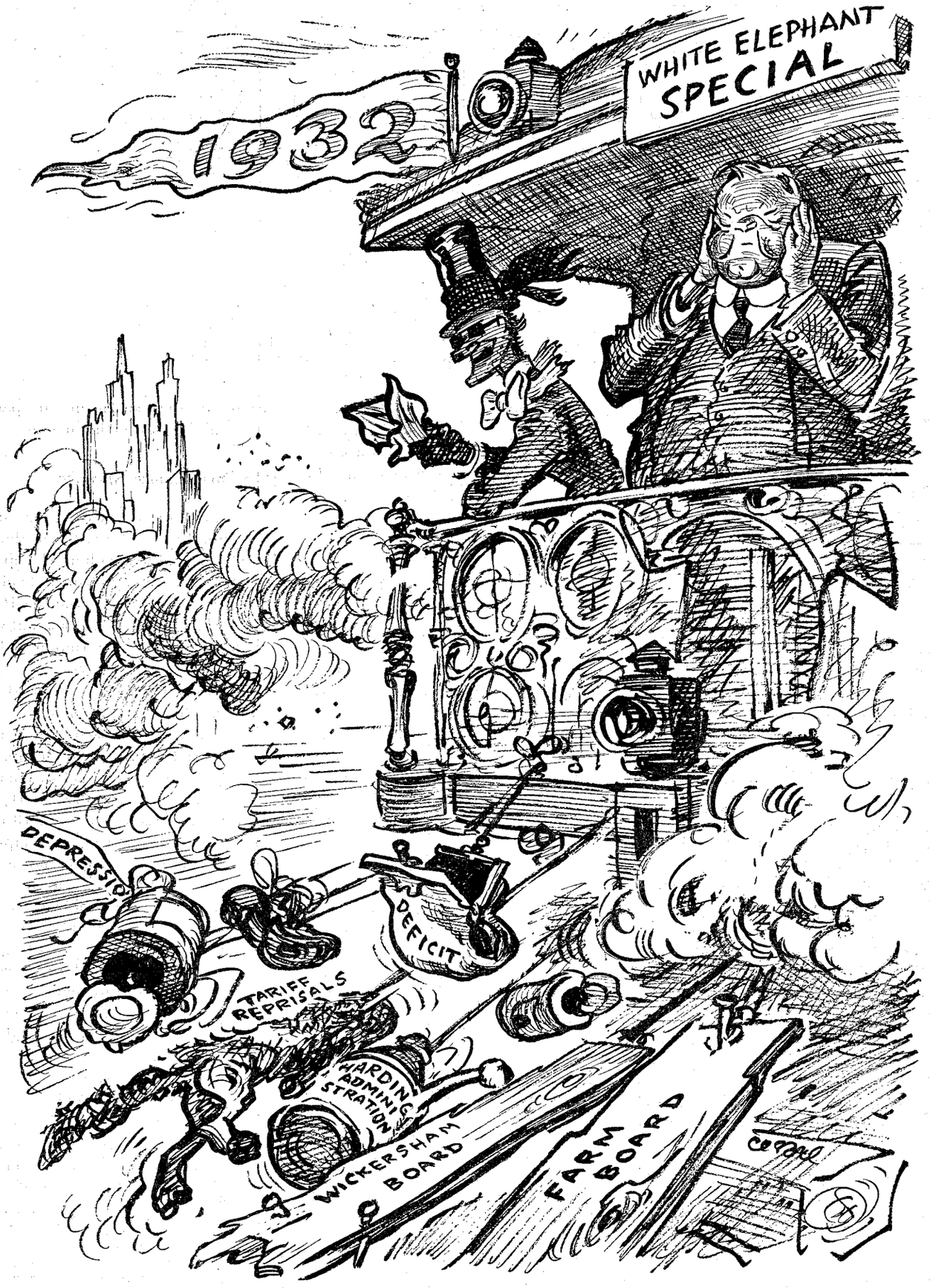
O Fudge

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—Under the Abbotts the OUTLOOK was a strictly high-class periodical whose weekly visits were a delight, bringing intellectual pabulum, morally elevating and intellectually satisfying, to all members of normal American homes which it entered. But how has the mighty fallen! If, under merger management, the OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT is not committing suicide along with the radio (see article in April 22 number) it must be because of its appeal to the moronic multitude that never knew the Abbotts. O Tempora! O Mores! O OUTLOOK!

ROBERT S. PERSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GOING WEST!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

June 24, 1931

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*The Curing of Mr. Key*

AMONG the American Mayors who saw France and lived was James L. Key of Atlanta, Georgia. Mayor Key, a Southern Methodist, is the teacher of the Grace Church James L. Key Sunday School Class. He is also an outspoken wet. Or at least he is now.

It seems that contact with French menus and French wines inspired Mayor Key with something quite different from homesickness. Mayor Key got to thinking and while thinking, the redoubtable Julian Harris of Georgia writes to the New York *Times*, "he tested other menus and other wines, at the same time cannily watching for any signs of inebriety. This combination of menus and mental activity led Mayor Key to the belief that prohibition is pretty poor business, and, having reached this decision, Atlanta's Mayor, who is a frank person, announced that he regarded prohibition as something to be got rid of and said it was doubtless responsible for a large portion of the criminal activities in the United States, and there was a lot of dry hypocrisy back home."

Came, needless to say, the deluge. Nevertheless Mayor Key did not retract but repeated his statement when showered with protests by the superintendent of his state's Anti-Saloon League, the president of its W. C. T. U., its former Congressman William D. Upshaw and we know not how many others. When it comes to being an uncompromising wet, Mayor Key hereafter will be it. And right here there's a thought. If a trip abroad can do so much for one American official, why couldn't it do as much for a lot of them? We suggest that, as a starter, passports be made out immediately for Senators Fess, Sheppard and Brookhart. And that Mayor Porter of Los Angeles be sent back to France for fifteen or twenty years.

▸▸*Incident at Baltimore*

WHEN, in the early 1900's, Virginia prepared to place a statue of General Lee in the Statuary Hall of the National Capitol, a considerable protest arose north of the Mason-Dixon line. Here, it was said, was a statue not of a patriot but of a rebel who turned might, main and musketry upon the federal government. It may be recalled, however, that Virginia was not abashed and that, in time, Lee's statue stood in that sombre room of fine as well as fearful monuments.

Now, in the early 1930's, we congratulate ourselves that hostility between the North and South, dying but slowly a quarter of a century ago, is dead at last. Thus, northern as well as southern journals were delighted when, early in June, Mississippi placed the statue of Jefferson Davis, unfortunate President of the Confederate States, in Statuary Hall without a murmur of protest from the general public. Yet no doubt many who were heartened by that incident were disheartened to note that on June 14 a group of G. A. R. veterans refused to march in a Baltimore parade because their place in line was to the rear of a Daughters of the Confederacy delegation marching behind a Confederate flag.

The South, however, can be confident that the feeling of the G. A. R. veterans in Baltimore does not represent the feeling of the northern public. It frequently happens that public sentiment is far ahead of the sentiment of patriotic societies. It is so in this instance.

▸▸*Two Hoover Speeches*

IT IS easy to see which one of Mr. Hoover's three addresses in the mid-West really interested him. His speeches at Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, Illinois, and at Harding's tomb in Marion, Ohio, were as brief and generalized as his speech before the Indiana editors* was lengthy and detailed.

However kindly the candid commentator, he can say no more for the Lincoln tomb speech than that it scarcely deserves comment at all. It says nothing that has not been said ten thousand times before. Mercifully short, it is simply a collection of such platitudes as this one: "The eternal principles of truth, justice and right, never more clearly stated than by Lincoln, remain the solvent for the problems and perplexities of every age and of our day."

In his speech at the Harding tomb Mr. Hoover did better. Here he occupied a difficult position. Any one else, occupying it, would have said just about what Mr. Hoover said. Humorists might have advised him to start with a sentence noting that Harding was born in Ohio and then launch into a description of Ohio's area, population and principal industries, or to start with one noting that Harding was a newspaper man and then launch into a description of a newspaper. But, seriously, Mr. Hoover's one apparent course was to follow the lead of so many Republican editorials written during the oil scandals, describe Mr. Harding as an amiable innocent deceived by his friends, spank the deceivers and make the most of what

*See editorial on Page 233.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happy developments did occur during the Harding Administration.

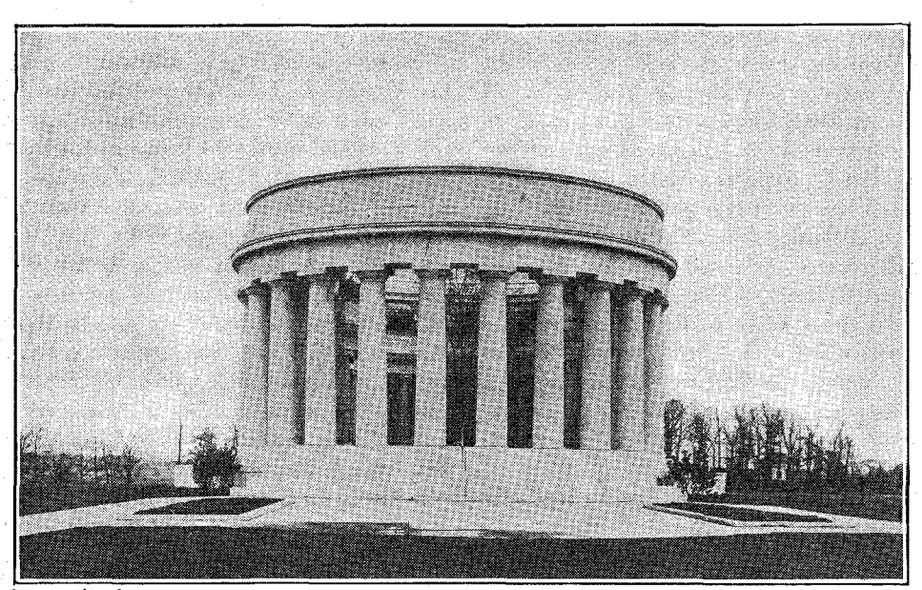
That is the course Mr. Hoover followed. He mentioned the Washington naval conference, he mentioned the reduction of taxes and of the public debt, and he mentioned other good things with which poor Harding may have had something to do. Thereupon he declared: "There are disloyalties and there are crimes which shock our sensibilities, which may bring suffering upon those who are touched by their immediate results. But there is no disloyalty and no crime in all the category of human weaknesses which compares with the failure of probity in the conduct of public trust. Monetary loss or even the shock to moral sensibilities is perhaps a passing thing, but the breaking down of the faith of a people in the honesty of their government and in the integrity of their institutions, the lowering of respect for the standards of honor which prevail in high places, are crimes for which punishment can never atone." It is a pleasure to add that this strikes us as true and well said.

▶▶*Capone Pleads Guilty*

THE more one thinks of the political value of the federal drive against Al Capone the more one thinks of it. Our dry Administration is building even better than it knows. On June 4 a federal grand jury indicted Capone on charges of evading federal income taxes. Eight days later another federal grand jury indicted him and sixty-eight other alleged members of a beer syndicate, said to have done a $25,000,000 annual business, on charges of conspiring to violate the prohibition laws. The latest indictment names nineteen overt acts, points to 5,000 offenses, and, unless we are very much mistaken, will prove more or less impressive to drys, wets and half-and-halfs alike.

It will impress all three classes primarily because Capone on June 16 pleaded guilty to its charges and to the charge of evading federal income taxes as well. It will impress drys because they are anxious to be impressed, because they are longing for a sign that their beloved law is enforced and enforceable. In greater or lesser degree it will likewise impress both wets and half-and-halfs because Capone had become a symbol of the unreachable bootlegger operating outside of, but safe from, the law, and because the unreachable has been reached. The tendency of half-and-halfs, at least, may be to conclude that perhaps the law can be enforced after all and that Capones are not an unavoidable product of prohibition. Unquestionably the wet case has lost a handy illustration of the way prohibition works.

Nevertheless, admitting their strength as advertisements for a dry Administration, the Capone indictments will be found to have made no essential difference when the smoke of battle clears away. The fact is that, when the average Chicagoan goes home after a day's work, he goes home thirsty. Indictments or no indictments, his thirst will not diminish and neither will the supply of intoxicants he demands to quench it, which inevitably will come from the underworld. Hence, while Chicago has its liquor, which it will not dispense with, it will have its Capones. If one of that name is cornered, another of that nature will take his place.



International

DEDICATED BY AND TO A PRESIDENT
The Harding Memorial erected by public subscription in Marion, Ohio

▶▶*Monkey Law Maintained*

THREE months ago we pointed out that young Robert Murray of the Tennessee Legislature had introduced a bill to repeal that state's notorious anti-evolution law, making it illegal to teach in state-supported schools and universities "any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." We said then that, while we hoped Mr. Murray's bill would be adopted, we hardly expected it to be, since, contrary to the general opinion, the recent trend has been, not toward the repeal of anti-evolution laws, but toward the enactment of new ones.

Our pessimism has been justified. Early this month the Tennessee House upheld the anti-evolution law by a vote of fifty-eight to fourteen, with "Uncle Billy" Matthews, oldest of the Assemblymen, doubtless expressing the feeling of a majority of the members when he declared that, "if the doctrine of evolution is right, then our Bible is wrong." It is not to be expected that the anti-evolution laws will be repealed by the Legislatures of the three states—Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas—in which they have been written into the statute books; it is rather to be expected that the aggressive, organized minority which supports them will eventually force them through the Legislatures of other states. Evidently but one hope remains for those of us who believe that anti-evolution laws represent an unhappy tie-up between church and state and tend to prevent young men and women from acquiring information on one of the greatest triumphs of the scientific mind. That hope lies in bringing a case to test such laws before the United States Supreme Court, which, with its present liberal majority, might hold them unconstitutional.

▶▶*A Frank Gesture*

SECRETARY OF STATE STIMSON'S decision to publish the figures revealing the extent of American land, sea and air armaments was a good one. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

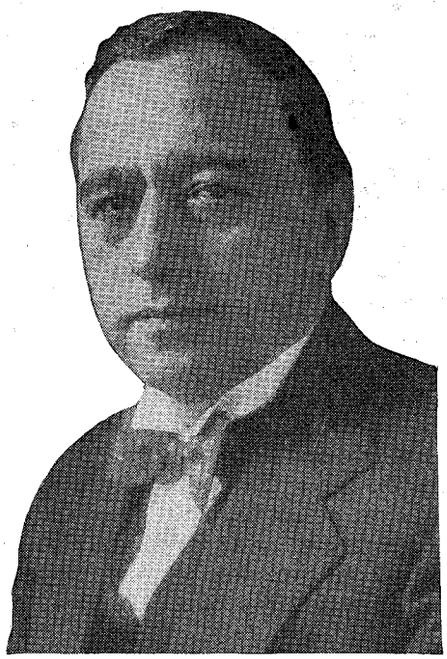
League of Nations had asked this country, and all other countries expecting to attend the general disarmament conference scheduled to be held next February under League auspices, to forward such figures to Geneva. Mr. Stimson not only complied, but requested the League to make the American figures public in Europe while he himself made them public in the United States. It was a wise and candid gesture, likely to inspire international public confidence in the honesty of America's intentions. That it has been interpreted as a long step toward the solution of the disarmament problem, which it isn't, and toward the solution of the war debt problem, which it isn't either, does not obscure the fact that it was good as far as it went.

Possibly it will persuade other nations to go as far. Not that any government would be much impressed to see another make its military figures public as proof of good faith and of their accuracy. The first government would know whether or not the other's figures were accurate; nations have ways of determining other nation's fighting strength. Not to put too fine a point on it, their spies when necessary steal the other team's signals and bring them back home, provided they can get home without having spies of the other team steal them back again. The well-known undercover traffic in forged official documents is brisk chiefly because the undercover traffic in valid official documents is also brisk; hence any story of purloined papers is always more or less plausible. If there is the slightest slip in Secretary Stimson's figures, the chances are it is now causing comment in all the capitals of Europe.

▸▸*Business Draws a Plan*

THE PLAN of the United States Chamber of Commerce for an attack on the business depression deserves an A-plus. Like an able strategist, the Chamber first visualizes the entire front, then divides it into sectors and prepares for a general advance by thorough reconnaissance in each. That is, it selects some twenty major problems of the depression—agriculture, distribution, finance, foreign trade and so on—and will have each studied by a committee of specialists. Working hand in hand with the specialists, the Chamber's board of directors will recommend specific courses of action as part of a general offensive against the depression this fall.

Let us hope that the plan will be as good in execution as it is in conception. Our business leadership, however, has not been such as to inspire confidence since the fall of 1929, and one cannot help wondering whether these business leaders will have the courage to draw and recommend the proper conclusions from the evidence unearthed in their studies. Suppose one committee becomes convinced that our social and economic structure cannot stand the periodic strain of unprotected unemployment, depriving the employer of his market and the employee of his job. If the committeemen find, as we assume they must, that some form of unemployment insurance will relieve at least part of the strain, will they candidly recommend it? Or will they reflect that they themselves might have to pay part of the cost and therefore pussyfoot or murmur something grumpy about "socialistic schemes"?



Harris & Ewing

FAVORS AMERICAN PLAN

Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor

Suppose another committee finds, as it will, that high tariffs are blocking international trade and that our own Hawley-Smoot tariff was a stupid error. Will the committeemen say so, even if they themselves supported the Hawley-Smoot bill, and will they recommend downward revisions? Finally, suppose still another committee finds that prosperity by political party is an illusion, and that the Republican party's claims of 1928 were false. Will the committeemen so report, even if they believed these claims themselves, or will they avoid the issue? How, dear reader, would you like to bet on that one?

▸▸*And Mr. Woll Another*

SHOULD THE Chamber of Commerce speed up its studies and confound its critics by drawing frank and sound conclusions, it may be able to make useful specific recommendations to a national industrial congress convening next winter. Just such a congress, composed of representatives of industry, labor and finance, has been urged in a letter sent to five hundred business leaders by the National Civic Federation. The letter developed from a suggestion made to this organization by Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor.

What is proposed is, briefly, a ten-year plan for American industry, launched and supervised by a congress of business men. Says Mr. Woll: "We need to move with giant strides to put 6,000,000 Americans to work, to start our machinery, to take out of our national economy the awful loss and pain of too much or too little." The age of extreme and selfish individualism is over, he declares. Now we need a permanent industrial legislative body, within and for industry, which will erect "a democratic industrial structure comparable to our democratic political structure." We cannot continue to have recurring depressions, to see vast wealth on the one hand and abject want on the other, to pay an average industrial wage of but $1,308 a year and to possess an industrial machine whose parts are quite uncorrelated. Hence his proposal of an industrial congress to adjust the parts to each other and to the whole; to stabilize employment; to look ahead and so far as possible to determine where and how we shall and should develop economically during the next ten years, and, in short, to establish a balance between production, distribution and consumption.

Many reactionaries, of course, will denounce Mr. Woll's plan in toto, content to say that he goes too far too fast. But that does not get at the excellent essential of his plan—a high command for business. It is clear that a ten-year plan must remain within the limits of the elastic American system, with its emphasis on individual initiative, opportunity and self-reliance; our people will wink when that system is stretched, but they will not consent to see it broken. That the industrial congress, if called,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will stay within these limits may be taken for granted. There is therefore no sound reason to regard the Woll plan as impracticable, every reason to regard it as basically sound and sensible. What, fundamentally, is it? A proposal to bring order out of confusion, to recognize that capitalism and chaos need not go hand in hand, and to substitute a policy of intelligent effort for a policy of muddling through, putting the whole project in the hands, not of theorists or of politicians, but of practical and cautious business men. There is the nub of the plan, and for our part we endorse it heartily.

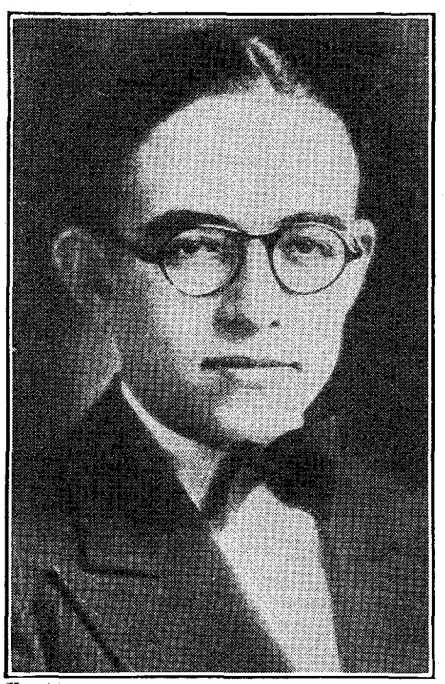
▶▶*The Ardmore Shooting*

EVER since those two Mexican college boys, one a cousin of President Rubio, were killed by Deputy Sheriff Guess at Ardmore, Oklahoma, the tendency of commentators has been to stress the charge that police officers are too quick on the trigger. While the shoot-first attitude has been one of the evil by-products of prohibition enforcement, the facts as thus far reported do not seem to justify any hue and cry about it in this instance.

The three boys—one was not hurt—were returning to Mexico from their college at Atkinson, Kansas. On the night of June 8 they parked their car in the residential section of Ardmore. Guess said that, approaching the car with another deputy, he "figured that we had run up against a bunch of young hijackers" and therefore shot Manuel Gomez when he came out of the car with a pistol under his blanket and shot Emilio Rubio when a flashlight revealed another pistol in his hand. Thus against widespread charges of recklessness and court charges of murder—he and Deputy Crosby were arraigned four days later—Guess poses his defense: "I had to look out for my own self and my own life."

Scout at his story as you will, it will nevertheless be hard to break down, since the Mexicans admittedly had two automatic pistols and a shotgun with them and since, of the four persons at the scene other than Guess, two are dead and the other two, Deputy Crosby and student Salvador Rubio, both contend that they were unable to see what happened.

The thing that should be stressed here, it seems to us, is not the carelessness of police officers with deadly weapons but the fact that our State Department, which has made itself absurd by its handling of Latin-American affairs, has dealt with this case in clean-cut fashion. It promptly sent an apology to Mexico and ordered an investigation by Governor Murray of Oklahoma. Whether or not the State Department deserves entire credit for the fact, Mexicans have taken news of the shooting calmly and the incident promises to blow over without endangering our relations with their government.



Keystone

VICTIMS AT ARDMORE

The two Mexican students, Emilio Rubio and Manuel Gomez

▶▶*Dialogue on Diet*

"DID YOU see where some of those doctors at the American Medical Association said that the only reason fat people are fat is because they eat too much?"

"No. Here, try one of these wonderful nougats."

"Well, just one more. They *are* wonderful. Yes, that's what some doctor said. Of course, it simply isn't true. Why, I don't eat a thing, even my husband says I eat like a bird, and look at me."

"My dear, you're not fat. You're just right."

"I'm gaining all the time, though, no matter what I do. Jim says he doesn't understand it, either. I hardly eat a thing at the table. Is that a cherry? Oh, I'll simply have to have one of those."

"My husband gave up eating breakfast a while ago, trying to cut down weight. But he makes up for it at lunch and dinner. You ought to see him."

"Oh, I eat breakfast. I have to or I feel faint. Nothing much though. Just coffee and a little toast and some marmalade. And I never fix lunch, when I'm alone. Just something out of the icebox. Sometimes I forget all about it till the middle of the afternoon. Then, when I'm cooking, I always taste things so much that when I sit down to the dinner table I just don't feel like eating."

"Bridge spoils my dinner, all right. Honestly, the way every one serves sandwiches and salad and ice cream and coffee—"

"I know it. And when you're away from home everything tastes so good. Remember those cheese muffins Emma served yesterday? I got the recipe . . . . oh, that was maple. Mind if I take another? I never like the taste of maple. You know I've told Jim positively not to bring me any more candy, but he goes right on. Says I have to eat something. And it *is* nice to have it around, to offer to people. Well, all right, one more, and then you really must put the box away."

▶▶*Farm Board's Failure*

FAILURE and Farm Board are now synonymous terms. The first two weeks of June spotlighted the futility of the Board's attempts to raise and peg prices through purchases of wheat. When on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

June 3 the Chicago pit realized that the Board's purchases had come to an end, wheat prices promptly nose-dived from one new low to another until, at fifty-seven cents a bushel, they hit the lowest level since 1896.

It was in February, 1931, that the Board set out to fix the price of wheat by purchasing some 70,000,000 bushels at prices ranging from $1.12 to $1.25 a bushel. Since then it has been in and out of the market until its holdings now come close to 200,000,000 bushels. The best that can be said for its purchases is that they slowed, though they did not stop, the steady fall in wheat prices. A simple check of the quotations of February, 1930, with those of June, 1931, will show that they did not peg wheat prices, raise them or maintain them. The same check will show that the Board's operations are likely to cost the country a fortune. It has taken no small part of the $500,000,000 appropriated by Congress to finance the Board's purchases and storage charges are costing from one and a half to two cents a bushel a month. Nevertheless, the wheat cannot be sold without incurring enormous losses.

But that is only one side of the picture. Slowing the downward drift of wheat prices, the Board's purchases might have been expected to encourage the very over-production against which it has been preaching throughout the land. And evidently that is just what has happened. On June 9 the Department of Agriculture reported that the winter wheat crop now being harvested would exceed that of 1930 by 45,000,000 bushels, producing an American surplus of 200,000,000 bushels in addition to the Board's own holdings. Attempting to offset over-production, the Farm Board has encouraged a greater over-production still. The Board should stick to its proper field of helping farmers to help themselves by orderly, coöperative marketing. Whenever it has ventured outside this field its record has been wretched.

▶▶*Republican Prospects*

A POLITICIAN facing calamity confidently is a funny-looking fellow. Note the speakers who addressed the national conference of Young Republicans in Washington on June 11 and 12, with their reckless prophesying and exhorting designed to put their hearers in fighting trim. The common note of their speeches was deliberate disregard of the probabilities in their predictions of victory for Mr. Hoover and the Republican party next year. "Work in perfect harmony with your local organizations," said Mrs. Edward Everett Gann, "and we will be victorious in 1932." Said Mr. Fess of the Republican National Committee and the Methodist Board: As soon as people realize what has been done for them by President Hoover—"a man who is the embodiment of all that is capable, strong, patient, sympathetic; all that is protective, conservative, purposeful and beneficial"—he "will not only be unanimously renominated, but he will be overwhelmingly reëlected."

Now, disregarding this nonsense, and granting that conditions may change before November, 1932, what is the truth as it appears at present? You may read it in a recent Baltimore *Sun* column by one of the most sagacious of political correspondents, Frank R. Kent. "Not in twenty years," said Mr. Kent, "have the Republican party's prospects seemed so bleak." The better informed and more clear-headed Republican leaders in Washington "are depressed almost to the point of hopelessness." What appalls them particularly is the sad condition of their party in the great pivotal and industrial states which are usually Republican and are indispensable to victory—notably, in New York, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. Privately they admit that "nothing short of a degree of economic recovery pronounced enough to be generally perceptible can save them."

To be sure, Mr. Kent is an independent Democrat, but his sympathetic attitude toward the Hoover Administration is well known. In a nutshell, the Republican party's prospects are terrible. There may be nothing to charm or cheer the Young Republicans in that fact, but it is a fact nevertheless. The stuff they listened to at Washington was just so much moonshine.

▶▶*Diary of F. D. Roosevelt*

June 3—Up betimes at French Lick Springs in pivotal Indiana and had conferences with Democratic National

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on Page 256.

I will tell you anything you want to know, but if I know anything about anything I wouldn't tell you, so that's why I can tell you about everything.—WILL ROGERS.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $5 prize.

I have asked the State Department to make arrangements for Mrs. Lindbergh and me to visit Japan and China. I do not know what we will do when we get there.—COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

Business is definitely on the upgrade. —ADOLPH OCHS.

F. Lindemann, 1721 N. Marshall St., Philadelphia, Pa., $2 prize.

I believe a commercial depression to be the normal consequence of progress. —L. F. LOREE.

Dile Train, 73 Sullivan St., Forty Fort, Pa., $2 prize.

There never was a time when it was more important to keep a Republican at the head of this government.—MRS. EDWARD EVERETT GANN.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $2 prize.

I love France.—TEXAS GUINAN.

R. Stack, 27 Woolsey St., New Haven, Conn., $2 prize.

Even with my God-given sense of rhythm and flair for phrasing I wouldn't have amounted to anything if I hadn't worked hard.—RUDY VALLEE.

Mrs. M. Eyman, 760 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal., $2 prize.

Marriage is, or should be, sacred; and the more sacrifice it entails, the greater amount of happiness results. — MRS. MARY T. NORTON.

Mrs. Mary P. Keohane, 6230 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

If husband and wife would treat each other like strangers, they would achieve a surprising amount of happiness.—ANITA LOOS.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

Hollywood is a place where people get up at six o'clock in the morning and do physical exercises.—J. B. PRIESTLEY.

Jacob Dress, 75 Douglas Ave., Providence, R. I., $2 prize.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Committeeman Robinson of Kentucky, Governor Woodring of Kansas, Chairman Peters of the Indiana State Democratic Committee and Chairman Donovan of the State Democratic Committee of Illinois, which reminded me not to forget Ohio. And so late to bed, after prattling over phone with C. Greathouse, secretary of the Democratic National Committee.

June 4—Up and by motor to Cincinnati, where conference with Judge Marx was followed by others with Lieutenant Governor Pickrel and with Chairman Brunner of the State Democratic Committee of Ohio. Chairman Farley of my own state's Democratic Committee arrived punctually from New York and had some conferences with Ohio leaders too.

June 5—Up and with Farley and my wife by motor to Dayton where lunched and conferred with former Governor Cox, and so on to Columbus to Governor White's mansion. Newspaper boys grinned today when I told them "it has been two days of very pleasing social visits and there has been absolutely nothing political in it." Spent the night in White house!

June 11—By times up and boarded the train for Boston. On train was Mayor Curley, back from Continent and not averse to conference. To bed in an inn, after telling the press this is "a family and social visit."

Underwood

SMILES WHEN HE SAYS IT
"Very pleasing social visits"—thus Governor Roosevelt of his conferences with Democratic politicians

June 13—Up and by motor to Manchester-by-the-Sea for luncheon with Colonel House. Mayor Curley there and looking forward to receiving me "as President," and Marcus Coolidge, the Senator, there and for me, and so too Senator Walsh and Governor Ely, though Ely wasn't there, and Morganthau, the diplomat. And so by motor to the station and barely caught the Limited for Albany.

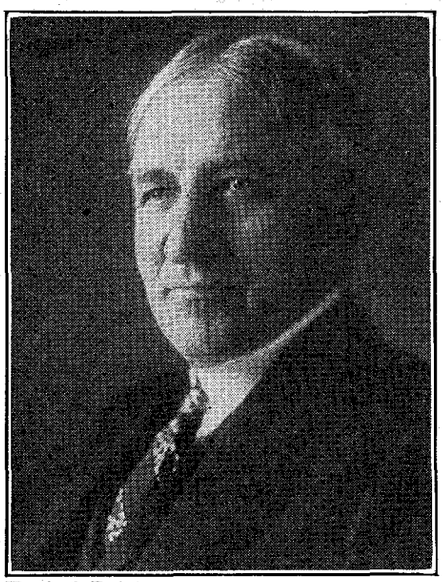
June 14—Today chanced upon statement in the press that "it has been Governor Roosevelt's policy and that of his boosters so far to maintain that such gatherings as this today [and that's yesterday] are non-political in character, but the Governor is learning to give this description with a broader smile." And so to bed, thinking up new policy.

▶▶*Impeachment Case*

THE movement to impeach Governor Horton of Tennessee was well under way on May 26, the sixty-third anniversary of the acquittal of Andrew Johnson—Tennessee's last contribution to the White House—in the only impeachment proceedings ever voted against a President. On that day a committee of the Tennessee Legislature was appointed to decide whether the impeachment of Governor Horton was warranted by the findings of a legislative inquiry growing out of the failure last fall of four Tennessee banks with deposits of almost $7,000,000 in state funds. The committee decided that it was and presented eight articles of impeachment, including charges that Governor Horton had conspired with Rogers Caldwell, banker, and Colonel Luke Lea, newspaper publisher and former United States Senator, to run the government to the financial profit of both and to the political profit of Horton himself. The House, however, refused to order the impeachment, voting down the last of the articles on June 9.

Every student of government knows that the impeachment of President Johnson was conceived in and prompted by political animosity and that he would have been removed from office but for a handful of men who could not stomach the conspiracy against him. In essentials, the Horton affair is not dissimilar. One cannot yet say for sure either that here was an innocent Governor attacked by political foes or a guilty one saved by political friends. One can say, however, that the evidence was not the most nor politics the least weighty consideration at Nashville. There is even a political flavor in Governor Horton's statement on hearing of his victory: "I am deeply grateful to all my friends."

It is politics that inevitably makes impeachment a clumsy and ineffective weapon. The impeachment of an official by a legislative body is designed as a parallel for the indictment of a citizen



Harris & Ewing

ESCAPES IMPEACHMENT
Henry H. Horton, serving second term as Governor of Tennessee

by a grand jury. One can imagine what would happen if the grand jury were composed of the citizen's political friends and foes. That is precisely what happens in every impeachment case, not excepting Tennessee's.

▶▶*In Brief*

RATHER IMPOLITE of Mr. Hoover to dedicate his own political tomb before dedicating the two physical ones . . . . "His address [Mr. Hoover's address at Indianapolis] so plainly inclines to hope rather than fear," says the New York *Times*, "that it will tend to quicken the hopes and banish the fears of great numbers of his fellow countrymen." Are you taking any bets on it, *Times*? . . . . Like many another scholar, Einstein has evidently gone in for popularizing science. The title of his latest paper is "A Systematic Survey of Compatible Field Equations Which Can Be Stated in Riemannian Space with Teleparallelism." . . . . "Mrs. Kenneth Safe Newport Hostess"—newspaper headline. She has it analyzed, perhaps? . . . . "A party in power cannot divorce itself from responsibility for whatever incompetency or corruption attends its administration," says W. Kingsland Macy, chairman of the New York Republican State Committee, who doubtless believes that, since the national Republican party was not held responsible in 1924 or 1928, it should be held responsible in 1932 for the incompetency and corruption attending the Harding Administration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Hoover's Apologia

Had Mr. Hoover's Indianapolis address been merely one of his run-of-the-mine speeches, it would have received only ordinary space in this journal. For a brief scanning of its arguments discloses that it is merely another mighty effort fallen quite flat. For which reason, under ordinary circumstances, "platitudes but no plans" would have sufficiently summed it up.

But it is clear that this is Mr. Hoover's opening gun for the 1932 campaign, that it constitutes as lengthy and skillful a defense of his economic policies as we are likely to get, that it is to be campaign material for Republican orators and newspapers, and that in all probability it represents fairly the kind of leadership the country may expect from Mr. Hoover. Because of these facts, the speech demands careful study and reasoned judgment, whether or not in reading it you feel that either Mr. Hoover has underestimated your intelligence, or that you have overestimated his.

Its main points, briefly, are an out and out defense of the tariff, an assignment of the cause of the depression to the war and the outside world, an excuse that we cannot legislate ourselves out of our situation, a designation of all "advance" plans as panaceas affected by Russian ideas, a plea that the government has done all that has been necessary, plus a defense of its acts, an attempt to make Hooverism appear synonymous with Americanism, and a consistent effort to stigmatize all who would do more than Mr. Hoover has done as un-American and lacking in faith in American ideals, courage, vision, spirit and the Star Spangled Banner. These are the specific points. The general ones are that everything is "jake," that the depression in many ways is really a boon, that many things may be done in the future but nothing now, that 120,000,000 Americans can't be wrong, that the Republican party in the future will let the 120,000,000 build more parks, homes, and electrical plants, bear 20,000,000 more children, vote the Republican ticket, and with the help of Providence wait for the mists of depression to blow away. Skillfully set forth, in a mixture equally compounded of political distortion and mixed economics, mostly designed to defend rather than to expound, the whole document undoubtedly represents the best thought which the leading minds of the Administration have been able to assemble, and therefore deserves the most thorough examination.

Of its good points, unquestionably the strongest is Mr. Hoover's statement that he has steadily urged the maintenance of wages and salaries, has guarded the country from panic by coördinated action between Treasury, Federal Reserve, the banks and the Farm Loan System; has emphasized the necessity for coöperation between labor and capital until good times return, and meanwhile has excluded immigration. For these efforts Mr. Hoover deserves full credit. But what of the rest, the points on which he makes his main argument?

Says Mr. Hoover, "There is no sudden stroke of either governmental or private action which can dissolve these world difficulties; patient, constructive action in a multitude of directions is the strategy of success." Granted. But did this fact prevent the floating of a public works loan, which would have been as easily absorbed as the last bond issue? Did it prevent Mr. Hoover from killing the soldiers' bonus, championing the Wagner bills, criticizing the Farm Board and urging state unemployment insurance? Does it now prevent him from seeking lower tariff rates, securing reciprocity abroad, and at home taking the lead in planned production and consumption for the future? True, Mr. Hoover says of all plans for the future that they are "an infection from the slogan of the Five-Year Plan." But are they? The National Civic Federation headed by Elihu Root does not think so. The Federation of Labor in the person of Matthew Woll does not think so. The National Chamber of Commerce does not think so. All are urging such plans. And they obviously are Americans, devoted to the American system.

Of the problem of unemployment, Mr. Hoover says: "We are maintaining organized coöperation with industry systematically to distribute the available work so as to give income to as many families as possible." But the plain fact is that we are not doing anything of the kind. Mr. Hoover vetoed the third Wagner bill in the face of the best informed sentiment of the country. The situation is as bad as ever.

Of the problem of public works and helping sufferers, Mr. Hoover says: "We have reversed the traditional policy in depressions of reducing expenditures upon construction work." This half truth is rendered meaningless by the fact that Mr. Hoover has consistently underestimated the length of the depression; he has consistently been six months behind in all efforts to provide public works. He has sold America short by economizing in all departments of the government without planning to spend the money on public works of any kind, and has cut government expenses wherever possible while urging business men everywhere to do the opposite.

Of relief for the suffering, Mr. Hoover says: "We have sustained the people in twenty-one states who faced dire disaster from the drought." But the fact is that Mr. Hoover prevented the Red Cross from accepting immediate federal money when the people in twenty-one states were starving and allowed the situation to grow steadily worse while the Red Cross strove desperately for weeks to raise laggard money from hard-pressed private contributors.

Of unemployment insurance, Mr. Hoover says: "We have had one proposal after another which amounts to a dole from the Federal Treasury. The largest is that of unemployment insurance." The fact is that he has already pledged the government to what is in effect a dole through his disastrous $500,000,000 Farm Board. Unemployment insurance, as he ought to know, is not possible without accompanying legislation by the states. Instead of urging this, Mr. Hoover has not taken a single step to secure it but instead has chosen to hide behind the statement that federal unemployment insurance would be unwise.

But space is not available for all the misstatements of fact, the glaring contradictions of policy which dot page after page of the speech. According to Mr. Hoover, this country is a self-contained economic unit with the exception of a mere ten per cent which goes to foreign countries. The shrinkage in this trade amounts to only two or three per cent of our total production. Yet our business depression is caused by adverse forces from abroad. The policy of the government should be not to provide real relief for its citizens in times of depression; yet the Farm Board is actively engaged in helping the agricultural sections of the country and thereby adding to overproduction of wheat. The Republican party can do nothing by legislation except to encourage the people to help themselves; yet a continuation of disastrous Republican policies is necessary to keep the country on an even keel. Nothing can be done, yet everything has been done. We have learned valuable lessons from the depression, yet we won't know what to do with them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for years to come. The whole address is shot through with such contradictions.

Just one thing emerges shining clear: The man who in 1928 promised to legislate us into the millennium admits today that there is nothing much his party can do even to assist us in climbing out of the pit into which we have fallen. As an explosion of the super-man myth, we think this is pretty complete. We only wonder what the other political leaders of the American people will have to say to it.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

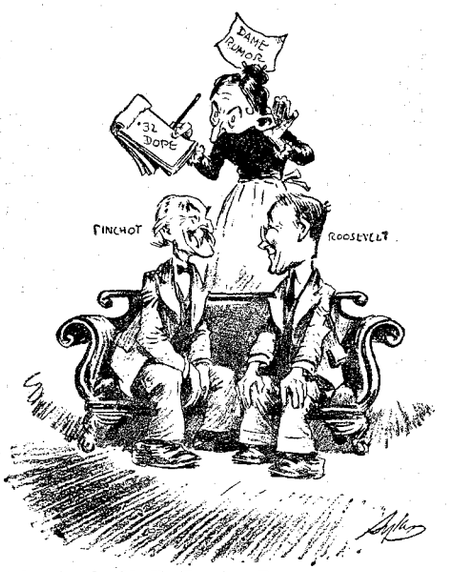
WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN ALL this talk of resistance to the renomination of President Hoover there persists a central and challenging rumor that organized opposition will be offered by a faction of national G. O. P. leaders who have a definite program, plenty of funds and a candidate. The tale seems too fantastic to be credited, but we understand that Colonel Horace Mann, who manoeuvred the southern states into support of Mr. Hoover in 1928 and later broke with the Chief Executive, solemnly swears that it is so. Some of the things which he did in the Hoover-Smith campaign, I happen to know, were quite as incredible as what he says he is doing now. His political bed-fellows then were as strange an assortment of prejudiced and disgruntled persons as those with whom he would have us believe he is now conniving to destroy the President's dream of another term in the White House—or even a renomination.

If we can believe Mr. Mann, twenty members of the Republican National Committee have agreed to furnish the money and the work for presentation of another candidate to the G. O. P. convention. Although he will not make known the identity of the candidate, he indicates that it will not be Calvin Coolidge or Dwight W. Morrow. The general supposition is that it will be Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, even though the politicians said to be in this anti-Administration conspiracy have no use for the famous tree doctor's political or economic views. They do not expect or want to nominate Mr. Pinchot. They simply want to use him as a stalking horse in an effort to deadlock the convention and hold the door open for the selection of some other man than Mr. Hoover.

It is expected that many senatorial liberals, if their courage does not, as in the past, fail them, will enter various primaries as favorite sons—Norris in Nebraska, for instance, Johnson in California, La Follette in Wisconsin. The next step would be for these anti-Hoover delegations to get behind one man, presumably Mr. Pinchot, at the convention, and to a certain point in the balloting they would be reinforced by Col. Mann's faction. What the outcome would be, depends upon events upon the floor itself. The principal hope of both anti-Hoover groups—the Progressives and the regular Republicans—is to create a situation in which the President's organization cannot stampede the delegates into a renomination of Mr. Hoover on an early ballot.

The Mann crowd, I understand, are animated by many different reasons in their animosity toward the Administration. Some are simply sore, some think the party cannot win with Mr. Hoover, some honestly want a change in policies and personalities at the top.



Sykes in the N. Y. Evening Post

Did she miss anything?

Oddly enough, three former chairmen of the Republican National Committee are listed among the anti-Hoover plotters. They are ex-Chairman Butler of Massachusetts, ex-Chairman Huston of Tennessee, ex-Chairman Work of Colorado. All three men have little reason to love Mr. Hoover, and it will not be surprising if they take advantage of any favorable opportunity to get revenge on him. I do know that Messrs. Huston and Butler were scheduled to speak at a convention called for Savannah by Mr. Mann a few weeks ago, and this alone indicates that they are in sympathy with his known desire to wreck Mr. Hoover's ambitions. The rally was called off, or postponed, I hear, because the leaders thought it much too early to show their hands. Nevertheless, Mr. Mann and Mr. Huston are doing everything they can to thwart Postmaster General Brown's roundup of the southern delegations.

From a political standpoint, it is not necessary for the conspirators to prevent Mr. Hoover's renomination, if retaliation is their inspiration. Should they force him to wage a bitter floor fight, or should they delay his renomination until, say, the tenth ballot, it might easily, with other things, mean his disastrous defeat in November of 1932. It would indicate to the country, and especially to the Republicans, that even his own party does not have full confidence in him.

The fear of just this sort of a movement explains why Mr. Hoover, Mr. Fess, Mr. Lucas and members of the Cabinet have started such an early drive for the President's renomination. It explains why a pep meeting of "Young Republicans" was staged here at such a time as the hot month of June one year in advance of the national convention, why Mr. Hoover takes to the stump so often, why his political associates eulogize him every time they open their lips. The White House know that the fuel for a party conflagration is strewn about the political prairies, and, if possible, they mean to prevent it from catching fire.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, I am glad to note, seems about ready to admit that he is a candidate—and a leading one—for the Democratic nomination. His effort to convey the impression that presidential talk bored him, or was news to him, was getting to be quite silly. He discusses nothing else with correspondents from the Capital who go to see him at Albany, and with those members of Congress he happens to meet here or abroad. Indeed, he and Senator C. C. Dill of Washington held a miniature convention when they came across each other in Paris, and both agreed that none but Franklin D. Roosevelt would be the next occupant of the White House. The New York Governor's advisers ought to tell him that the best way to get there is to be himself in all things—a quality most attractive in a president or presidential candidate for the reason that it is so rare.

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▸▸ Tit-for-Tariff ◂◂

The World's Answer to Smoot and Hawley

By OLIVER McKEE, Jr.

EARLY in 1929, when the United States was riding on the crest of a wave of almost unparalleled prosperity, Congress set to work to revise the tariff. The result of its labors, the Hawley-Smoot bill, set up what is generally regarded as the highest tariff wall in our history. Through our State Department, a score or more foreign governments filed protests against the proposed increases in our tariff duties, but to no avail. After months of discussion, and a long period of uncertainty in the business world, the bill went to President Hoover, and was signed in June, 1930. While supporters of the bill, in and out of Congress, hailed its passage as opening the door to a still higher level of national prosperity, retaliation was the talk of the hour abroad. Foreign criticism was sharp and its tone bitter.

A year has passed since the Hawley-Smoot bill received the approval of President Hoover. The worldwide economic depression holds the United States in its grip today, and the promised prosperity has failed to materialize. Our exports in 1930 dropped 25 per cent under 1928, and there has been a still sharper decline under those for the bonanza year, 1929. Searching for signs of an approaching return of better times, Washington has been closely scanning the international economic skies. This alarming drop in exports, however, offers meager comfort. To what extent is this drop in purchases of American goods due to a desire on the part of our foreign customers to strike back at the United States for its approval of the Hawley-Smoot bill? Clearly enough, the question is pertinent.

With their eyes on the domestic field, not a few Americans say glibly: "Why should we care about our foreign markets after all?" Many Congressmen appear to share this view. The question is easily answered. Has the manufacturer of locomotives in the United States no interest in the foreign markets, when 21.6 per cent of the locomotives turned out in this country in 1929 were sold abroad? A few export percentages may be cited: Automobiles, 10 per cent; motorcycles, 54.3; sardines, 51.4; cigarettes, 11.1; rosin, 55.7; turpentine, 45.4; gasoline, 13.8; sewing machines, etc., 25.2; typewriters, 40.2; agricultural machinery, 23.3, and so on.

Foreign markets absorbed the agricultural and crude mineral products in these percentages: Meat products, 6.6; lard, 33.3; wheat, 17.9; rye, 20.9; leaf tobacco, 41.2; cotton, 54.8; and anthracite, 4.4. Under our system of mass production, American industry has been so organized that its productive power exceeds the maximum demands of the domestic market. Foreign exports are more than a margin of safety to American agriculture and industry; they represent the difference, in many instances, between profitable production and production at a loss, between a ledger that shows a surplus at the end of the year and one that has gone into the red.

Rollin Kirby in the N. Y. World-Telegram

"A fine efficiency expert you turned out to be!"

What has happened to our exports? Enough, quite plainly, to cause alarm, and our traders are no better off in pocket because of the fact that while our exports have fallen 25 per cent under 1928, the British export trade has suffered a loss during the same period of 22 per cent; that of Japan, 21 per cent, and because Canadian and Australian exports have decreased 34 and 31 per cent respectively. For the twelve months ending in December, 1929, our exports were valued at $5,240,955,000; for the corresponding period in 1930 they were valued at only $3,843,391,000, a drop of close to a billion and a half dollars. In the case of Canada, our biggest customer, there has been a drop of close to $300,000,000; our exports to the United Kingdom, similarly, have shown a decline in value of more than $150,000,000.

No one can contend that the falling off in our foreign trade has been due solely to the hostile reaction against our 1930 tariff, nor to a determination by foreign nations to cut American goods. The economic recession, practically worldwide in its scope, has been a major and probably the principal cause of this slump, for the buying power of the world has been sharply curtailed. It is true, however, that the reaction against our tariff and retaliation by foreign governments are factors that help to explain this sharp decline.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a yardstick with which to measure the extent to which foreign governments have actually retaliated by raising tariff barriers so as to keep out or restrict the importation of American goods. For one thing, in raising its tariff levels, no government will admit that its purpose is to hit American trade. In these matters politicians are diplomats as well. Prime Ministers and Presidents are quick to assert that retaliation against the United States is the last thing in their minds. Invariably, if we listen to the official spokesmen, tariffs are raised to protect local industry, and to provide increased employment for their own nationals. In the second place, even under normal economic conditions, there is a certain amount of tariff tinkering.

An examination of the record nevertheless will show that since the Hawley-Smoot bill went into effect, tariff makers all over the world have been unusually busy. The trend of tariff levels has been upward, often sharply upward. The commodities where we dominate the local market have often been the principal targets. The result after all is what we must consider. If the tariff hits us harder than any other country, the effect is retaliatory, whatever the avowed motive.

Canada so far offers the best illustration of the trend of the times. The Dominion buys normally close to a billion dollars' worth of American products

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every year, and we return the compliment with purchases totalling about half a billion. In 1930 Canadian purchases not only slumped off nearly three hundred million dollars, but resentment against the Hawley-Smoot bill forced a counter-tariff that we might just as well recognize as retaliatory, whatever the technical label that statesmen at Ottawa may choose to give it.

Resentment against the American tariff runs higher in Canada today probably than in any other country, and Canada has a greater power to strike back at us than any other country. No group in Canada have been sharper in their criticism than the farmers of the west, who feel that the effect of the Hawley-Smoot bill has practically shut their products out of the big American market. So strongly did his countrymen feel on the matter that Premier Bennett was swept into office with a pledge to erect a higher tariff barrier. Nor is this all. Back of the demand for higher duties lay the determination of the Canadian people to buy as few American products as possible. In the long run, that determination seems to carry a greater threat to American trade than the enactment into law of the countervailing duties.

Canada last fall placed new duties on about 125 classes of goods, including textiles, shoes, paper, agricultural machinery and implements, cast-iron pipe, fertilizers, electrical apparatus, household equipment, gasoline, jewelry and meats. Parliament approved the higher duties on September 22, 1930. Ottawa did not say as much, but the new duties were quite plainly aimed at the United States. The sharp decline in our exports seems to show that Canadian tariff makers are succeeding in their purpose. Now the Canadian government has made another sweeping revision upward.

Even if she deprives herself of some articles that she can best buy from the United States, Canada is grimly resolved to cut her purchases of our products to the bone. The trend of the preferential tariffs favors Great Britain; and in such articles, for example, as electrical equipment, Great Britain is in a position to supply a far greater proportion of Canadian requirements than heretofore. The American manufacturer stands to be the main loser in this new orientation of Canadian trade.

Early last summer Italy jacked up her duties on motor cars, disclaiming, of course, in so doing, any intention of striking a blow at American motor cars. Italy has bought more American cars than those of any other country, so the disclaimer of retaliation means little. On many classes of cars the new duties represent an increase of two or three hundred per cent. Italy lost no time in taking action, and she struck at what was not only the easiest, but the most vulnerable, point. Spain acted no less swiftly.

"In order to strengthen the Spanish currency and trade balance by curtailment of importation," read the Spanish decree by which its government on July 22, 1930, made several important increases in Spanish import duties, hardly before the ink of executive approval on the Hawley-Smoot bill had a chance to dry. Higher duties were assessed on non-European automobiles assembled in Europe outside of Spain in order "to favor direct navigation between our ports and those outside of Europe." What other motor cars than American are thus assembled? Aside from automobiles and motorcycles, other articles of interest to American traders upon which duties were increased were safety-razor blades, sewing machines, films, spun silk and artificial silk, rubber tires and inner tubes.

If space permitted, the list of tariff boosts might be greatly extended. China, late in December, joined the procession, taking advantage of her newly won tariff autonomy by jumping up the level of import duties, including those on leaf tobacco, motor busses, trucks and clothing. Chile is another country that has recently jumped up the tariff on imports. Like Canada, heavy buyers of American goods, both Australia and New Zealand some months ago revised their tariff duties upwards.

The tariff is not the only weapon that a foreign government can use in a counter-offensive. It has long been a practice in some countries to put into effect rules and regulations that hinder the movement of international trade. The marking regulations, for example, laid down by the French government for goods in transit from a French port to a point in Europe beyond the borders of France, have proved exasperating to many an American exporter. This is typical of the many difficulties of the kind that American traders have faced.

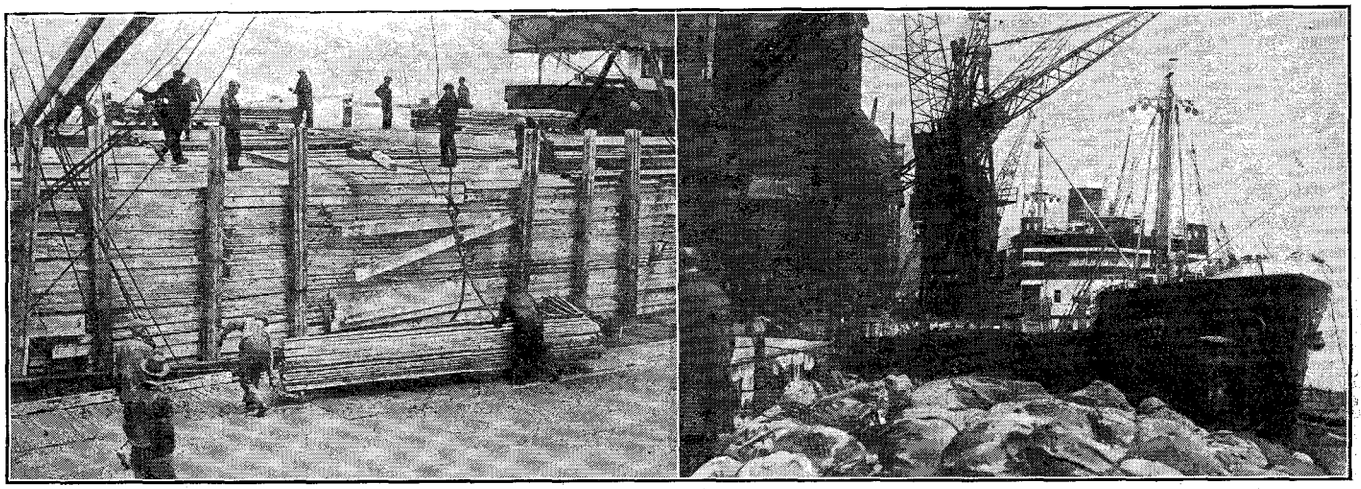
The animosity and ill-will engendered against American goods by the tariff act of 1930 have created new obstacles in the way of our traders. Some of the criticism and attacks made by European statesmen may perhaps be discounted, for in Europe politics are apt to be injected into tariff-making. When he gets into trouble at home, a politician frequently tries to save himself by raising the bogey of foreign peril, citing as an example the tariff "war" proclaimed by a neighboring country. Even if we refuse to take at their face value some of the comments of foreign politicians on our tariff, the stubborn fact nevertheless remains that in many parts of the world today a strong feeling exists against American goods. Exporters have encountered this feeling, and many of them have found it difficult to push new lines of American goods with any success.

Ordinarily national prejudices make little difference when a man goes into a store to purchase something he needs. Jugoslavia officially may be at swords points with Italy, and sharp diplomatic exchanges may be in progress, but this is not apt to affect the purchases of the Belgrade householder. If an Italian product seems to be the best buy, he is pretty sure to take it. History shows few parallels to the anti-British boycott in China, fundamentally nationalistic and racial in its basis, yet what has happened in Canada and elsewhere is disturbing, to say the least, revealing as it does a real drive against purchases of American goods. The economic penetration of the world's mar-

Punch, London

A British view of Soviet forced labor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keystone

RUSSIAN TRADE HUNTS A MARKET

At the left more than 3,000,000 feet of lumber being unloaded at Providence, Rhode Island; and on the right a Soviet steamer discharging tons of butter at London Bridge docks in England

kets by the United States has aroused apprehension in a good many countries. Then, too, as the richest nation in the world, the United States faces the jealousy that goes with the position.

In at least one country, Switzerland, anti-American demonstrations have taken place. The Swiss feared that the new tariff would hurt the watch industry, so important a factor in the industrial life of their country. In Switzerland, as in other parts of Europe, industry has a stereotyped organization; watchmakers are born and bred to their calling, and furthermore each city is apt to specialize on a certain industry. Few European cities show as great a diversification of industry as we find in such typical American industrial cities as Worcester, Massachusetts. In industry, as in investment, there is a danger in putting all one's eggs in a single basket. Calais lace makers staged mammoth demonstrations of protest when a group of senators sought, unsuccessfully, to place a duty on lace. For a tariff increase on a single item may threaten the livelihood of a whole industrial group. The cake of custom is not easily broken in the old world. If European industry had a greater power of adaptation, or if workers could change from one line to another more easily, Europe might have less to fear from our tariff than she has today. Though the duty has been increased on watches, the Swiss could get around this by taking steps to ship the parts to the United States, and have them assembled here, but to do this some radical changes in organization would be necessary.

Both in 1922 and in 1930, our tariff makers had the possibility of retaliation clearly in mind. They had enough knowledge of human nature to realize that when a nation is hurt, it is apt to carry a chip on its shoulder, just as an individual does. So it was that Congress placed section 338 in the tariff act of 1930, carrying a provision entitled "Discrimination by foreign governments." Under this section, when the President finds as a fact that any foreign country discriminates in its tariff legislation against the United States, he shall by proclamation declare new or additional burdens, these rates of duty to offset such burden or disadvantage, and not to exceed fifty per cent *ad valorem,* or its equivalent, and to be applicable to such products of the country in question, or such articles imported in its vessels, as he shall consider consistent with the public interests.

Nor is this all. If the foreign country persists, the President has the authority to exclude such articles from importation. This is a very broad and sweeping authority, and foreign legislators would be rash indeed if they put into effect tariff duties specifically aimed at the United States.

The increases so far made by foreign governments are general. Canada's countervailing duties apply to commodities from other countries as well, and the new Italian duties on automobiles apply equally to automobiles from France, Germany or Great Britain. But behind the mask the real purpose is often clear. Certain products are strikingly American, as automobiles and motion-picture films. To such articles nearly all the recent increases apply.

Administration officials have laid great stress upon the new flexible clause of the tariff act as a means of assuring the foreign importer a square deal. If a foreign government believes that our tariffs are too high, and that they prevent competitive shipment into the United States, it can present its case to the reorganized tariff commission, which, in collaboration with the President, has the power to rectify the rates, if it finds the complaint justified. Secretary Lamont has thus emphasized the Administration's point of view:

This new proposal for dealing with such cases is unique in the world's tariff procedure. No other nation has offered us a similar opportunity to present our case where, as often has happened, we have believed its duties were unduly high and discriminatory against us. This plan should enable us to meet in a fair manner outstanding cases involving foreign interests.

In his tariff statement, President Hoover declares:

If by any chance the flexible provision should prove insufficient for effective action, I shall ask for further authority for the commission for I believe that public opinion will give wholehearted support to the carrying out of such a program on a generous scale, to the end that we may develop a protective system free from the vices which have characterized every tariff revision in the past.

Great store has been set on the saving virtues of the flexible provision, in the hands of the new commission. May not both the American people and foreign governments be expecting too much? Commissions after all are not miracle-working bodies; and our faith in such bodies received a severe blow when the Wickersham Commission made its dry report, on the basis of the wet views of a majority of its members. Can the Tariff Commission hope to satisfy foreign importers, without at the same time alienating the American manufacturer who wants protection from foreign competition?

In building about our shores the highest tariff wall in our history, the United States took a step which already seems to have had important international re-

(Continued on Page 254)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes on Drinking With Cops

By MILTON ST. JOHN

Noblesse Oblige

IT WAS a soft, rainy night in May. I was driving east on Jackson Boulevard in Chicago. It was past midnight. A cop was standing in the rain, probably waiting for a bus or a lift. I gave him a lift. He became very talkative, but insisted that I must not drive him all the way home. If I could only get him to Ashland Avenue he could get a street car the rest of the way—that is, if I was going as far as Ashland Avenue. If not I must not put myself out—he would get off where I turned and manage to get home.

The rain became heavier. I guessed that he was Bohemian, and that therefore he lived somewhere near Ashland and Eighteenth. I was correct; and since it meant only a slight detour I drove him home.

"Oh, you are fine feller!" he said with genuine gratitude. "I tell you what I'll do. I buy you drink!" When we got to a certain place along Eighteenth Street he led the way into a large, old stone house, through a long unlighted corridor and into an immense barroom, where thirty or forty men were drinking. He ordered drinks for us at the bar, and when we had drunk them I returned the treat. Not since before prohibition had I had such port. The cop introduced me to the bartender, and told him to take good care of me if I ever came around again. And as we left he said to me, "You get the real stuff in this place."

"It's certainly great!" I admitted.

"You know who runs this place?"

"No."

"This is the best place in Chicago. Blank's brother runs it." *(Blank is the name of a well-known Democratic politician.)*

Constitutional Rights

The detour and its unexpected aftermath had delayed me more than I had counted on. It was after 2 A. M., and the boulevard was clear for a mile ahead. I stepped on it. A couple of motorcycle cops ordered me to pull to the curb. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before but I had heard that a $5-bill took care of these things very nicely. But there were two cops, and each would expect $5. Besides, the drinks at Blank's had left me only about three dollars and some small change. But I was pretty sure that the cops understood no language except that of cash. So I said, "All right, give me a ticket and I'll settle it in court."

"You'll come to the station first."

So I went back five miles to the Union Park Station. The charge was driving at 37 miles an hour—average speed on the road, as any motorist will testify. I did not attempt to argue the point, but politely asked the bookkeeperish desk sergeant as to when and where to appear in court.

"Can you furnish bail?" he answered.

"How much?"

"Fifty dollars."

"I haven't fifty dollars with me, but I can write a check."

"We don't accept checks."

"I could leave the car."

"Do you want to call any one up? To get you out?"

"It isn't very considerate to get one's friends out of bed at three o'clock in the morning."

"Search him!" he thundered.

And a couple of brawny cops seized me as if I were a murderer, went through my pockets, extracted such dangerous weapons as a bunch of keys, a nail file, a fountain pen and a pencil, and began leading me off.

"Wait a minute!" I objected. " I demand an immediate trial."

"Who the hell do you think you are?" asked the desk sergeant.

"I have certain constitutional rights."

"Get the hell downstairs before I kick you down!"

Justice

It was just too bad that I hadn't asked the Bohemian cop for his name, and that I had neglected to get his number, for the cell in the Union Park Station was unquestionably the filthiest place I had ever seen. Obscene inscriptions cluttered the wall; the toilet and floors had apparently not been washed for months; cockroaches by the thousand came and went; the uncovered mattress on the cot with the dangling spring was so dirty that I did not even dare to sit on the edge of it, let alone lie down. So I stood up all night. After a half hour or so a flashily dressed young man came along the corridor and stopped at my cell.

"You don't look as if you belong here," he said.

"I'm sure I don't."

"I hear you tried to get fresh with the desk sergeant."

"I only asked for my rights."

"Oh, they don't like that!" he said. "You got to treat them fellows the right way."

By this time I had sized him up as a professional bondsman, so I said nothing.

"Got any property?"

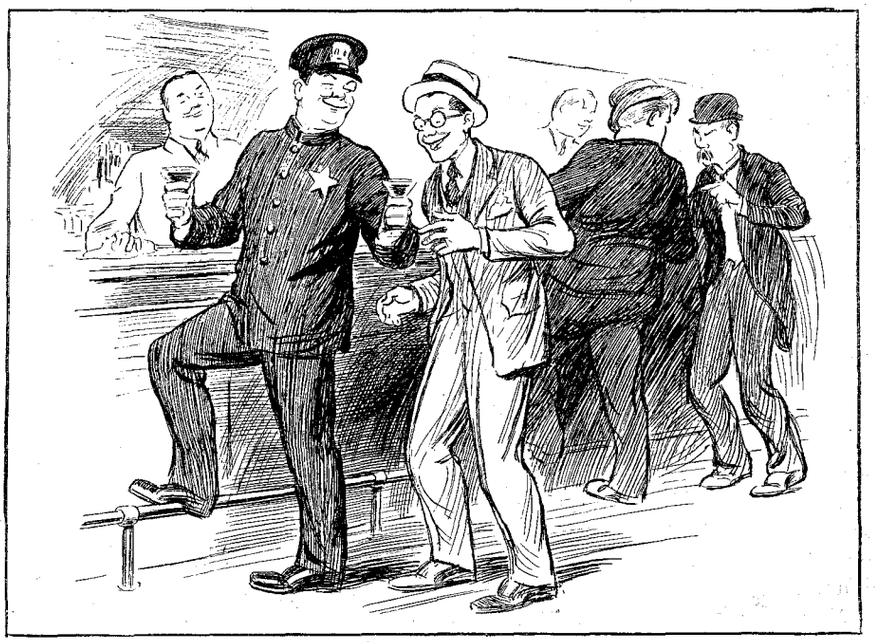
"No, but they have my car outside and I offered to leave it."

"That don't cut no ice, but I can get you out of this if you'll make good and appear in court when the trial comes up."

"How much?" I asked, going straight to the point.

"Well, when you get fresh with the desk sergeant it's a pretty serious offense, and it ought to be worth fifty dollars."

"If I had fifty dollars with me I



Says the cop: "You're a fine feller, I buy you drink. This is the best place in Chicago"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have put it up as bail."

"Well, you seem to be a nice young fellow; we'll make it twenty-five for you."

"No, thank you."

"You'll be sorry!"

In the morning I managed by dint of a bribe to telephone a friend for the necessary bail. When the case came up in court ten days later I overheard the details of the case preceding mine, all but the name of the defendant. The clerk read the name and the accusation —38 miles per hour. Then he said, "He's not here, your Honor, but you know him—he's a good guy—he wouldn't ever do nothing that wasn't all right."

"Nol prossed," said the judge. And, when my case was called, he said, "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Your Honor," I pleaded, "whichever way it is, I've already spent a night in jail for this, and—"

"Guilty or not guilty?" he repeated, threateningly, and before I knew what had happened I heard the verdict: "Ten dollars and costs!"

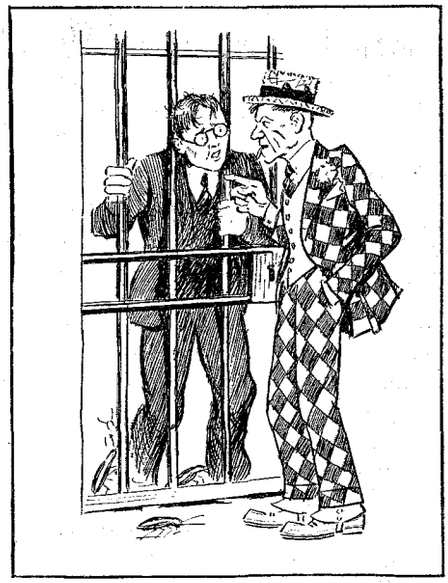
Corruption

It was the fall of 1930. My wife and I were driving into New York, discussing an article of Walter Lippmann's that had been published somewhere, in which he advanced the view that a certain amount of corruption was necessary in order to keep governments running smoothly; that it was a moderate price to pay for the prevention of war; that politics was the conceding of favors in return for other favors, and that our moral indignation about it failed to take into account the essential nature of politics.

It was early morning, and we were driving along one of the great Westchester highways, keeping our place with other motorists who were traveling at the same speed as we were—37 miles per hour. To drive at a lesser speed on these through highways is really dangerous.

My car does not have a New York license, and its foreign license plates attracted the attention of a motorcycle cop. He ordered me to stop. I had been told that here, too, a $5-bill speaks a universal language, but being arrested right in the midst of our discussion of political corruption struck me as being so funny that I did not produce the necessary $5. Besides, there was another and easier way out, I thought. So I calmly let the cop write the ticket, and was even amused by his growing irritation at my silence.

When I got to New York I related the incident to George Thomas, an acquaintance who lives in a town in Westchester which, for purposes of secrecy, I shall call Horse's Neck. George was indignant. "I'll get you out of this," he said. "I contribute twenty-five dollars to the Horse's Neck Policemen's Fund every Christmas, and if I can't get favors for myself and my friends, when I need them, just what's the good of handing over contributions year after year?"



"When you get fresh with the desk sergeant it's a pretty serious offence"

So he called up McIntyre (that wasn't his name), the Chief of Police of Horse's Neck, and explained the situation to him. McIntyre said that speeding was a pretty serious charge, but that he would see what he could do. McIntyre telephoned me twice to explain further how serious the charge was, and, finally, when he called the third time, said he had the matter all fixed up.

Noblesse Oblige

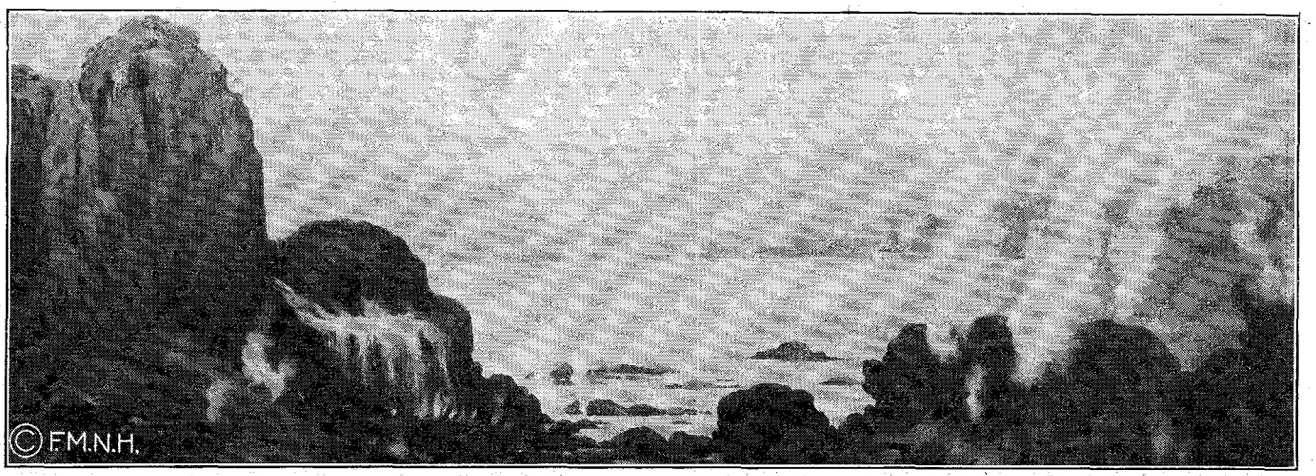
I thanked him and asked him what kind of cigars he liked. He explained that I was under no obligation, and that because of an upset stomach he couldn't smoke anyhow. I again thanked him and assured him that if there was anything I could do—but he insisted that I was under no obligation. George Thomas, however, told me that McIntyre was very fond of good Scotch, and since I felt so generous about it . . . . Well, I left some good Scotch on McIntyre's desk one night together with my card of thanks. Christmas came around, and George Thomas told me that he was again contributing twenty-five dollars. Possibly if I were going to use the Westchester highways often . . . . I understood. A few days ago I received a letter reading as follows:

> The members of the Westchester County Park Patrol force have organized a body known as the Westchester County Parkway Patrolmen's Benevolent Association for the purpose of aiding one another in times of sickness, injury, death and other forms of affliction.
>
> In order to carry out the plan and to establish a fund, the Benevolent Association is to conduct a monster vaudeville show and stage presentation . . . .

The gist of the matter was that tickets were ten dollars a couple, and the implication was unmistakable. And any day now, I expect a Westchester cop—any Westchester cop—to offer me Scotch, at twice the market price, with the same unmistakable implication.

"I left some good Scotch on McIntyre's desk one night"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHEN THE EARTH WAS YOUNG AND THERE WAS NO HOMO SAPIENS
In the Archean Period, or No-Life Age

What About the End of the Earth?

By SIR OLIVER LODGE

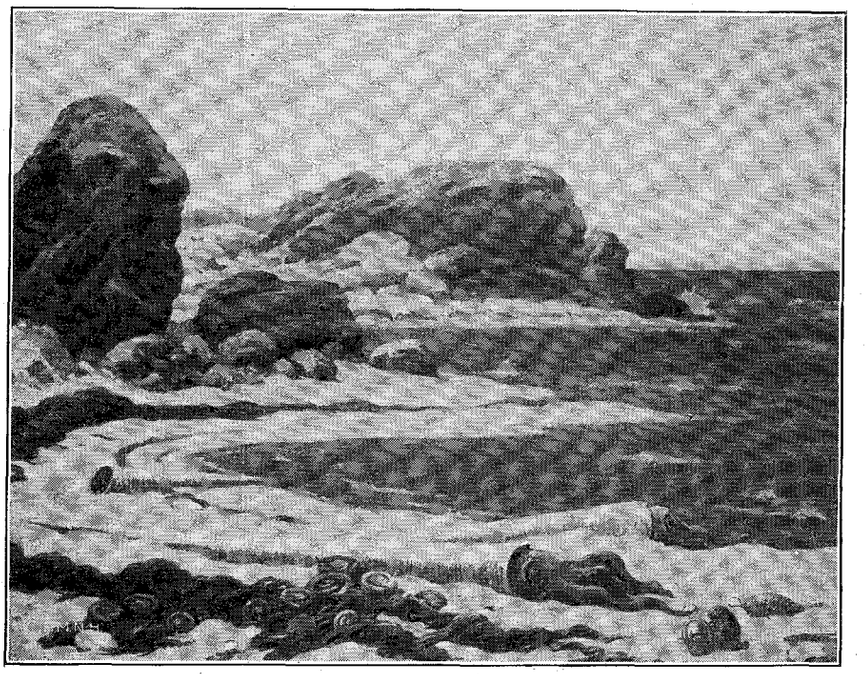
The pictures on these two pages were painted recently by the noted artist, Charles R. Knight, for the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago, the copyright owners, through whose courtesy they are reproduced here. They represent the prehistoric ages of the earth with scientific and artistic accuracy.

THE duration of the planet Earth is a question of some interest to humanity considered as a race, though it is comparatively unimportant to the individual. Astronomers tell us that the earth has been in existence for an enormous time, for it was apparently born some two-thousand-million years ago, along with the rest of the solar system of planets, as an offspring of the sun. Its birth was apparently the result of an extraordinary and exceptional occurrence, namely the close encounter—or what in astronomy is called a close encounter—of two stars, the ancient sun being one of them, while the other was some unknown star of corresponding magnitude which happened to pass this way within a distance of a moderate number of million miles. The tidal action of these two bodies, according to Sir James Jeans's mathematical theory, would raise an immense protuberance from the sun, which would shoot out into space towards the other star, and be there abandoned as a spindle-shaped mass of great size, thicker in the middle than at the ends; and as such it would continue to revolve round its parent body.

But an elongated mass like that would be in an unstable condition, as a long stream of water is unstable: every one knows how a long stream of water running from a tap breaks up into drops. Somewhat in the same way did this spindle-shaped mass break up into globules, big ones in the middle, smaller ones at the end. The big globes we now call Jupiter and Saturn, the smaller ones at our end Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars. Whether the process actually occurred in this way may be uncertain but there is a great deal more to be said for it than can here be set down.

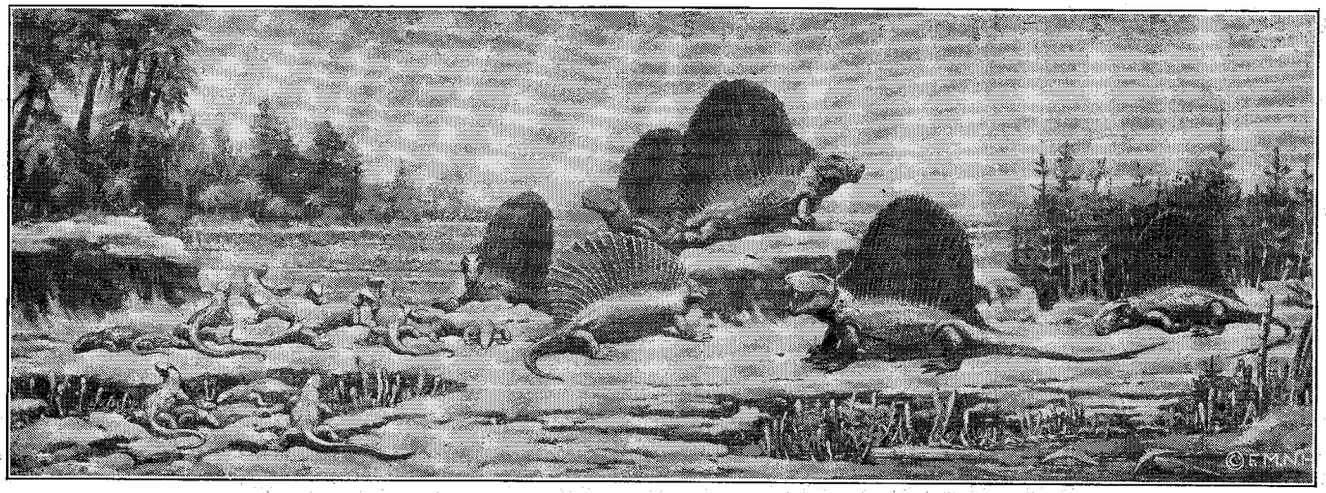
Everything points, however, to all members of the solar system having a common origin, for all the planets revolve in the same direction, and also retain in their axial rotation a trace of the original spin, again all in the same direction, so that there is a strong family likeness between them.

Moreover, the materials of which they are made are all the same. Indeed, it is becoming pretty clear that the kind of atoms which we encounter on the earth are common throughout the whole of the universe: even in the most distant stars the same kind of substance is found to exist: and the same laws of physics hold everywhere, though their results are naturally modified by conditions of temperature and pressure. These so to speak accidental differences vary enormously, but the essential nature of matter remains one and the same. The chemical elements which we find on earth are repeated again and



The old poem on "when you were a trilobite and I was a fish," may refer to the Ordovician Period shown here in Mr. Knight's painting for the Field Museum. Fishes were the only vertebrates then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHEN MAN ARRIVED HE SAW THEM ONLY IN HIS DREAMS
Permian Age Reptiles, as depicted by Charles R. Knight

again throughout the whole cosmos.

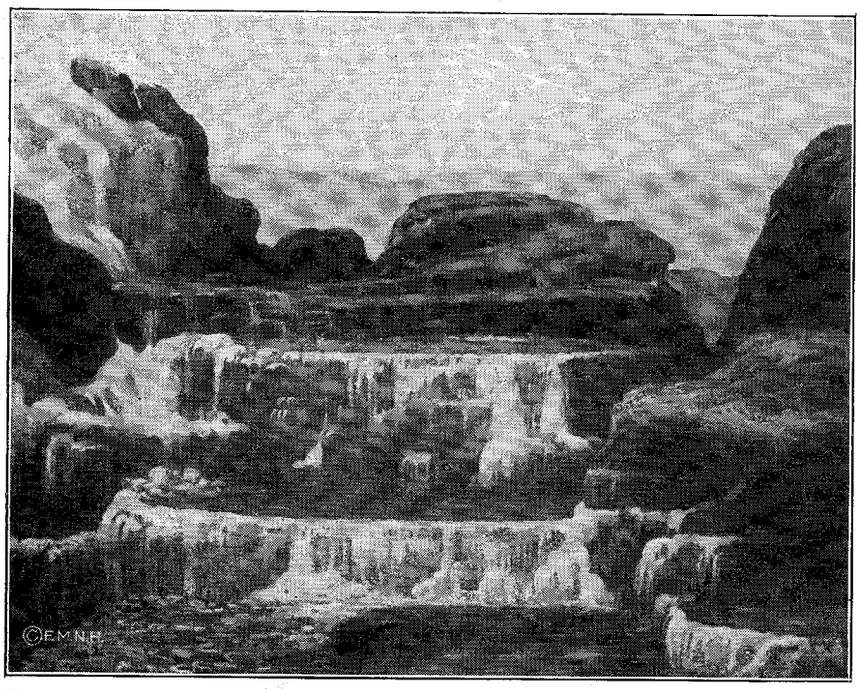
Whatever may be the more exact description of the process of planetary evolution, we are fairly certain that the earth had a beginning, and may therefore be expected to have an end, though what the end may be we have at present no idea. Nor does it seem in the least likely that an end of the solar system in the astronomical sense is to be expected within limits of time that can have any practical bearing. There are catastrophes, however, that occur in the heavens; some stars blaze up to excessive brightness, and then die down again. These are known as new stars or novae; but the only thing new about them is their high temperature and consequent brilliance. They represent a kind of conflagration, which only becomes visible to us perhaps two or three centuries after it occurred, because of their great distance and the time taken by light to arrive. It is uncertain what causes stars to blaze up in this way, but many suggestions can be made. Probably the sun blazed up at the time of the birth of the solar system.

But a light might be rendered incandescent for other reasons than that. The stars are all journeying through space with great velocity, and as long as they move through empty space or through ether nothing happens; they move quite freely and without resistance. But if they entered a region containing diffuse matter, such as a nebula, for instance, or cosmic cloud, the friction would be enormous, and they would blaze, for the same reason that meteors become incandescent when they encounter the rarefied upper atmosphere of the earth. Cold lumps of stone that have been circulating round the sun from time immemorial, in a form quite invisible to us, occasionally meet the earth's atmosphere in their mutual journeys: they are then rendered incandescent, and are usually dispersed as dust, which ultimately settles down upon the earth. Occasionally they are not completely dispersed, and the central nucleus comes down itself as a meteorite. The death of these small traveling bodies is signalled to us by the light they emit as they streak through the upper air, under the popular name of "shooting stars."

Such events as these are on a very small scale and are unimportant. But the same thing might happen on a very much larger scale, if a real star encountered the outermost boundaries of a nebula. No matter how rarefied the matter might be, even if it were as rarefied as what we call the "exhausted" globe of a vacuum bulb, the friction would be enormous at astronomical speeds. And if there were a solar system attached to the star, it would probably be dissipated in vapor, or at any rate reduced to fragments. Tennyson seems to have been troubled by the possibility of such a catastrophe. When contemplating Fate or Destiny, near the beginning of "In Memoriam," he seems to think of the stars as flies accidentally buzzing into a spider's web, and being there caught and destroyed, in what seemed an accidental, blind manner. For he writes, apostrophizing Fate:

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is wov'n across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun."

A catastrophe like this, however, on an immense astronomical scale, is only likely to happen in parts of space where matter is comparatively plentiful—not that any part of space is really crowded, but some districts are more congested than others. Our particular part of



The beginnings of life in the Pre-Cambrian Period, which would have been a nightmare for any living thing with an ounce of brains. But here originated the great iron-ore beds of Lake Superior

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

space where the sun is located is remarkably empty of matter. All the nebulae and clusters are a long way off. We seem to be in a region comparatively free from matter, so that, although the sun on its age-long journey is traveling along with its system of planets at a speed between ten and twenty miles a second, it is not likely to encounter anything important, for millions, or it may be billions, of centuries. Indeed, considering the immense numbers of stars in the sky, the kind of encounter so far contemplated is a rare occurrence. We may see a conspicuous blaze every twenty or thirty years; it is not a frequent occurrence; it may be likened to a rare and extraordinary accident.

But that is not the only way in which a planet might come to grief. Many of the stars are variable in their intensity, some of them only optically so, by reason of eclipses or the passing of a dark body in front of a bright one; but others really fluctuate in intensity. To a small extent the sun itself is a variable star. It exhibits a small fluctuation in brightness, with a maximum every eleven years; and at its high temperature it cannot be considered so stable as not to have the possibility of larger fluctuations. Jeans has pointed out the possibility of a mass of incandescent material, such as the sun, going through a slow periodic and intermittent change, equivalent to climbing up a slope towards an unstable constitution, then falling down a sort of precipice and starting afresh. The period characteristic of such fluctuations as these is greater than anything that comes within our observation; it must be reckoned in millions of centuries; and, although we know on geological evidence that parts of the earth have been at times tropical, and at other times covered with an ice-sheet, it is unlikely that these variations of earth temperature are due to fluctuations in solar intensity; for terrestrial periodicity is reckoned in thousands of years, rather than in millions, and it may be due more to local and terrene causes than to stellar and cosmic ones.

Yet stellar variations are possible. The sun might some century get into a critical condition, and either blaze out more vigorously than usual, or else crust over for a time and become cooler. A change like that would not destroy the earth, or need not, but might damage its habitability. And when we ask the question whether the world will come to an end, we do not usually mean by that question whether the earth is permanent or not, we mean whether the human race is permanent or not, whether in fact the conditions which promote and permit of animal and vegetable life will always continue unaltered.

For when we come to think of it, those conditions are very narrow. The range of temperature which we find on the earth is quite small: the equator is rather too hot, and the poles are rather too cold, for comfort, but the difference is not such as to make life unsupportable. The difference does not amount to more than 100 or 200 Fahrenheit degrees at most; whereas the possible ranges of temperature in the cosmos are from absolute zero, on the one hand, to a hundred million degrees on the other. Out of all that immense range, only a small margin of about 100 degrees enables life to exist in association with matter. If the whole earth rose or fell in temperature about 100 degrees nearly all life on it would cease.

We have no right to say that life itself would cease: we do not know enough about life to say that. But we can say that life would no longer be associated with matter in the only way we know of its existence at present. Life as we know it demands water in the liquid state: a blossom subjected to frost dies. It is true that a seed does not. Seeds may retain their vitality, dormant, at very low temperatures; but they cannot stand high temperatures; even boiling water kills most of them. No life could stand red-heat, or I should think even the temperature of molten lead. Accordingly, what must be considered a quite small fluctuation of temperature would destroy the material manifestation of life; and, therefore, the human race, so far as its planetary existence is concerned, would come to an end. We know that such catastrophes can occur on a small local scale even now. Apart from the instability of the sun, the earth itself is not perfectly stable, it contains a store of radioactive material accumulated in its crust; how much we do not know. The liberation of this energy, by atomic convulsions, causes such superficial and apparently trivial phenomena as hot springs, volcanoes and earthquakes. A violent eruption can destroy a portion of the earth's surface, and destroy life locally, and it is conceivable that such an event might some day happen on an unusually large scale.

It must, however, be said that the probabilities are against an extensive break-up of the earth's crust or extensive submergence by the sea. The earth, though not completely stable, is practically so. And in all probability, in order to destroy life completely, something would have to happen to the sun: and, as I have pointed out, that contingency, though not impossible, is very remote, and need not be taken into practical account.

The world has already lasted an immense time in a habitable condition, as we know by the record of the rocks. Certainly a hundred million years ago it was habitable by some low forms of life; and in the long course of evolution those have evolved into higher forms, the highest forms having only comparatively recently come to fruition. The human race is, astronomically speaking, in its infancy. If the whole habitable period of the earth is represented by the height of a pillar, the epoch during which man has existed is represented by the top dressing of that pillar; just a thin layer would represent the time of specific human evolution. Astronomically speaking, there seems no reason why, having once begun, the race should not continue for a vast period corresponding to an extension of the pillar to twice its height, that is to say, over a period which, though finite, is, popularly speaking, infinite in extent.

The progress which man makes in a century is very considerable. It is brought to our notice by the centenary anniversaries which we keep from time to time, such as the beginning of railways and telegraphs; the means of locomotion and the means of communication have been revolutionized practically in our own time. The advance of humanity in a hundred or a thousand years is great, in a million years is inconceivable. But, as far as we know, the human race, having once begun, may easily continue for another ten million years or more.

Hence social workers and politicians have plenty of time before them. They need not be deterred in their efforts at

(Continued on Page 254)

This Week's Contributors

Oliver McKee, Jr., is the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* and a frequent contributor to OUTLOOK and other magazines.

T. R. Ybarra is a former member of the European staff of the New York *Times* who is now touring Europe in search of the latest developments in politics. His latest book is a biography of Cervantes.

Milton St. John is the pen name of an advertising man who writes essays and reviews under that name and political articles under his real name. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the noted British scientist, is usually associated in the popular mind with his studies of spiritualism—but his works on electricity, wireless telegraphy and general science fill nearly a quarter page in the British *Who's Who*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Mussolini's Balkan Outpost ◀◀

By T. R. YBARRA

ONE of the smallest countries in Europe is one of the biggest menaces to European peace. Her name is Albania. Her area is only 17,000 square miles—a little over one-third that of New York state. Her population is 800,000, about that of the city of Baltimore. Her principal product, speaking literally, is sheep. Speaking figuratively, it is dynamite.

The great importance of little Albania is that she is the Balkan outpost of Italy. This would not cause apprehension among peaceable folk nor spoil the sleep of European statesmen were it not for the fact that Italy and France are the worst of friends just now, and Italian destinies are presided over by him of the scowling brow and scorching tongue, Benito Mussolini, Arch-Threatener of the Peace of Europe.

As a first step in his policy of extending Italian influence eastward, Mussolini some time ago engineered an Italian-Albanian treaty. Ever since, he has been strengthening the friendly relations between the big kingdom of Italy and the little kingdom of Albania, the crown of which adorns the brow of Ahmed Zogu, the bachelor king. There was another bachelor king in the Balkans until quite recently, Boris of Bulgaria, but Mussolini ended Boris's bachelordom and, at the same time, bound Bulgaria to the chariot-wheel of Italian policy in the Balkans by persuading him to marry a royal Italian Princess. Will the Italian Pooh-Bah find another Italian Princess for wifeless Ahmed Zogu of Albania?

The Albanians are a turbulent folk. They consider assassination a matter about which altogether too much fuss is made in Occidental Europe. They are filled with animosity against their neighbor on the north, Yugoslavia, and would like nothing better than to pour across the Yugoslav-Albanian frontier and cut as many Yugoslav throats as possible. This, in itself, is not a very serious matter, for Yugoslavia is more than five times the size of little Albania and has about fifteen times as many inhabitants, so the Yugoslavs could probably take care of themselves against any Albanian throat-cutting expedition that might surge across their borders.

Any move by Albania may quite conceivably have Mussolinian Italy behind it; and any move by Yugoslavia—or any defence put up by Yugoslavs against Albanian aggression—may quite possibly be backed by a very powerful European nation which happens just now to be a very good friend of Yugoslavia. That nation is France.

Anti-Italian France and pro-French Yugoslavia arrayed against anti-French Italy and pro-Italian Albania? Suppose Albania, egged on by Italy, should throw a stick of dynamite at Yugoslavia, protected by France?—or vice versa? The possibility of such a thing is much in the minds of many Europeans nowadays.

Assuming the possibility of France and Italy falling foul of each other and fighting out their differences partly in the Balkans, the advantage, at first sight, would seem to lie with France. Her Balkan friend, Yugoslavia, is a land of 12,000,000 inhabitants, many of hardy and warlike stock; Yugoslav armies, one might assume, would hopelessly outclass in numbers anything that little Albania could put in the field. Albania, on the other hand, has an advantage which might offset this Yugoslav superiority—her geographical position in relation to her ally, Italy, as compared with the geographical position of Yugoslavia in relation to her ally, France.

Italy, with all her resources of men and munitions, military equipment and supplies, lies just across the narrow Adriatic Sea from Albania. At very short notice she could pour onto Albanian territory large forces of well-armed and well-equipped troops. Thanks to her navy, she could present vigorous opposition to any attempt by French war vessels to interfere with the transportation of these forces.

By the land route, Yugoslavia is also far removed from her French ally, with many miles of foreign territory lying between her and France, across which French troops would have to march in order to coöperate with Yugoslavia in Balkan fighting. It is conceivable that Italy *plus* Albania might crush the soldiers of Yugoslavia before the French could come to the aid of their Balkan friends.

Of course, if Italy and France should ever fall out so seriously as to resort to war, the main battles would be fought, in all probability, far to the westward of Albania and Yugoslavia, on Italian or French soil. But this probability need not serve to hide the potential importance which the Balkan battlefield might assume in such a war.

If Italy should "get the jump" on France in the main area of fighting, she might be enabled thereby to strike so hard at Yugoslavia (through Albania) as to put France's Yugoslav ally *hors de combat* early in the conflict. Conversely, France might worst Italy's armies so badly in the main area of battle as to force Italy to forego Balkan campaigning entirely, in order to defend herself at home with all available forces, thus robbing Italy of the fruits of whatever preliminary Balkan advantages she might have gained.

Incidentally, there is always the chance that the Balkan phase of such a war might by no means remain confined to Albania and Yugoslavia. Among potential Balkan allies of Italy (judging from the present European situation) are Hungary and Turkey.

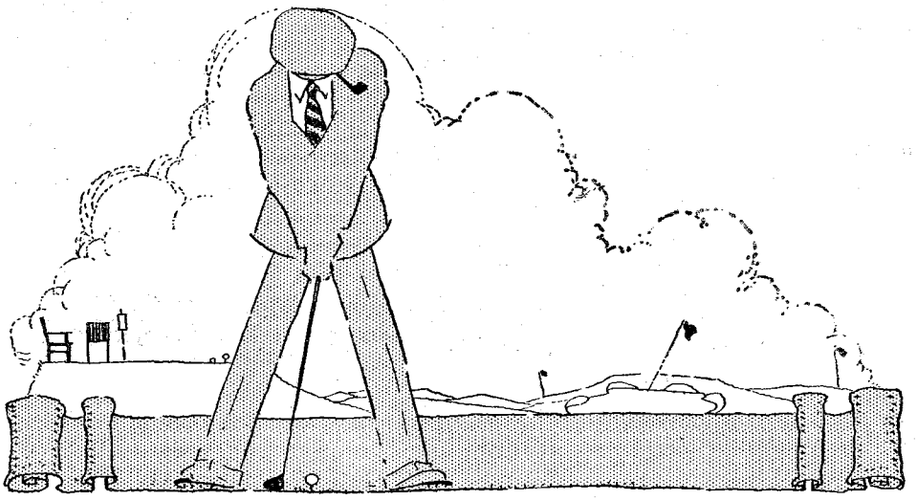
As for France, she might, in the event of a war against Italy, involving Eastern Europe, enlist the coöperation of Czechoslovakia, bound to her by the closest ties of friendship ever since the close of the World War.

Then, also, there is Roumania. So far, on account of their hostility to anti-French Hungary, the Roumanians have been pro-French. But Mussolini, that busy and ubiquitous schemer, has not neglected the task of softsoaping the Roumanians any more than he has that of cajoling Turkey and egging on Albania. So Roumania must be considered "on the fence" when it comes to assigning her a place in the Balkan political puzzle.

All this, I am fully aware, is plucked bodily from the nebulous realm of fancy. It is adduced merely to show that the Balkans, despite their apparent quiet, may one of these days flame anew into a conflagration that may spread to the big European Powers; that Albania, despite being one of the smallest of European countries, is one of the biggest of European menaces. Q. E. D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spotlight on Sports



Two-Ball Foursomes

GOLF is in the ascendancy this week. It has an international flavor, Britain's crack professionals trading shots with America's homebreds on the sun-scorched Scioto fairways at Columbus, Ohio. They meet in a team match, eight singles and four Scotch foursomes comprising the Ryder Cup program.

A Scotch foursome quite naturally emphasizes thrift. It is played with two instead of four balls, the partners hitting alternate strokes. It is more entertaining than a four-ball foursome to watch, since you can tell at a glance how each side lies and can follow the action clearly. The four-ball game, so popular with Americans, distorts strategy and confuses the spectator. It is like trying to look at a four-ring circus.

The Scotch foursome, calling as it does for joint responsibility, puts a premium on self-control. It rubs quick tempers raw. Smith finds it hard to repress an oath when his partner, Jones, buries him waist deep in a bunker. Jones vainly tries to look unconcerned when Smith blows a two-foot putt. Yes, a Scotch foursome is grand discipline, though it has ended many a perfect friendship. Your American doesn't like it because he wants to play every shot in a round himself. Our national mania for keeping individual scores is sufficient to prevent the two-ball foursome from getting a foothold on this side of the Atlantic. Besides, a four-ball match is a more sociable medium for a friendly round and lends itself to "best ball and aggregate" wagering.

Although American professionals never practice the two-ball game they have held their own with the British at Scotch foursomes, the combination of Hagen and Golden having won both its Ryder Cup matches against Britain's number one team.

Match and Medal Play

BEFORE assuming that an American victory at Scioto is a foregone conclusion it is well to remember that the Ryder series is contested at match play. Strangely enough, supremacy at medal play does not guarantee supremacy at the hole by hole game. Indeed, Britons usually defeat our homebreds at match play and lose to them in medal golf.

Why? Racial preference may explain this paradox. As children, Americans are taught that the score is all that matters in golf. They grow up with a card and pencil, lose that vague fear which a statistical tabulation induces in the minds of match players.

The American "pro" is hardened to medal golf. All the big money tournaments over here are conducted on a stroke basis. Consequently, he must cultivate aptitude as a medalist or go empty handed. He rarely meets his brother professionals at match play. From his caddy days, the American learns to hole out every putt, to play against the phantom rival symbolized by par. Even our amateur championships are prefaced by medal qualifying trials.

It is just the opposite in Britain where golf is regarded primarily as a game rather than as a Babsonian chart, with index numbers tracing the fluctuation of your form. Match play is the rule rather than the exception overseas. Putts are seldom holed out. A slipshod, casual, all-in-good-fun attitude toward the game prevails. Thus it happens that the British "pros" are apt to be card and pencil shy when thrown into a medal championship.

You might suppose that a crack medalist must, *ipso facto*, be a fine match player. That doesn't follow. Match play caters to erratic qualities. In stroke play, steadiness is paramount. One bad hole may spell defeat for the medalist, whereas it is only incidental to the match player.

Match play is leveling. It gives the less-consistent shotmaker a relatively better chance. They say all American professionals look alike from a range of fifty yards. Their swings are grooved, cut to a standardized pattern. The British "pros," conversely, are easily identified by their widely divergent, individualistic styles. Here you have a clue to the match play-medal play golf paradox.

Difficulties for the Invaders

CAPTAIN WHITCOMBE'S invaders will be under a handicap not of their own making at Scioto. Under United States Golf Association rules they are compelled to play with the new lighter and larger golf ball. This mandate strikes me as inhospitable, when you recall that the American ball is legal in Great Britain.

Our professionals have been practicing with the "balloon ball" since last December. The British didn't dare use it in their championships because of its vagaries when winds caper across seaside moors. In addition to mid-western heat, the visitors must face this strange, new ball. A million Yankee duffers, rabid in their opposition to the "dimpled stranger," will sympathize with Whitcombe's men. How would we like it if England changed the specification of our official league baseball?

Varying Rowing Conditions

INTERCOLLEGIATE rowing has added yet another page to the running story of Poughkeepsie and New London. As usual the winning time on the Hudson was considerably lower than that on the Thames. There's a reason.

Comparative times are a snare and a delusion in crew racing. They may mean much or little. It all depends on the water and the weather. Very ordinary eights have been boosted to phenomenal time marks by a rip tide and a gunwale-brimming river current. A head wind, choppy sea or counteracting current can slow up the fastest crew.

Because of its faster flow and stronger tidal pull, the Hudson river course is almost invariably covered in better time than the Thames route. Statisticians have figured that four seconds approximates one boat length on the Thames as against three seconds on the swifter Hudson. Eighteen to twenty minutes is the usual time of the four-mile Poughkeepsie pull. The same distance at New

(Continued on Page 254)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week in Business

Moderate Gains

ALTHOUGH business has developed nothing spectacular during the week, it has moved along steadily and made measurable progress toward an improved morale. Reports from both statistical and grapevine sources indicate an encouraging tendency to substitute planning and working for complaining and worrying. This is the first and probably the highest hurdle business must surmount before it can get back into its normal stride.

In many of the key markets retail trade has gained headway. As retail stocks are generally low throughout the country, the wholesalers should begin very soon to profit by the resumption of retail buying, and manufacturers should benefit because wholesale and jobbing inventories have been similarly reduced.

The stock market continued to show a healthier tone, with the investing public more disposed than at any time during the past few months to come in and cross swords with the professional operators. Wall Street has been encouraged by two developments in connection with the railroads—the combined effort to secure a 15 per cent increase in freight rates and announcement of the fact that the Eastern trunk-line consolidation plan will soon be ready for submission to the Interstate Commerce Commission. In its hope for better conditions for the carriers, business is not merely clutching at a straw. It is reaching out for a life-saving raft.

At least a beginning has been made. During the year that Mr. Clarke has been on the job he has introduced several important principles of scientific management, chief of which is the budgeting of production expense at a saving of at least $3,000,000. Working capital is being conserved by the reduction of the quarterly dividend from $1.00 to 62½ cents.

INDICES

(*A two-minute summary*)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) June 11—69.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) June 11—63.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended May 30—710,934 cars (reduction of 44,137 under preceding week and of 149,315 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended June 6—39% of capacity (reduction of 2% under preceding week and of 31% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended June 6—daily average gross 2,474,950 barrels (increase of 12,800 over preceding week; reduction of 113,100 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended June 6—4,141,000 bushels (increase of 3,480,000 over preceding week and of 3,054,000 over same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended June 11—$8,245,251,000 (reduction of 9.8% under preceding week and of 22.2% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended June 11—474 (increase of 20 over preceding holiday week; reduction of 15 under same week of 1930).

Bankers in the Movies

FOX FILM certainly started something when it elected a board of directors made up of only two active company executives and ten representatives of banks and industrial enterprises. This tryout will be carefully watched by observers everywhere, and we confess to a keen personal interest in it, based on nine years of membership in the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures and on-the-lot inspection of Hollywood men and methods.

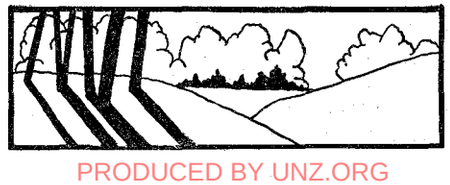
What would happen, we have often wondered, if scientific business management could be substituted for the reckless scattering of millions that has made Hollywood ridiculous thus far? It is more than possible that Harley Clarke and his banker and other big business friends who now constitute the board of directors of the Fox Film Corporation will arrive at a satisfactory answer to the question.

The next move will be the adoption (following the lead of Warner Brothers and Paramount-Publix) of a more stringent system of amortizing film costs. This is the most constructive news that has come out of Flickerville in a long time. For years the film producers have flung good money away with both hands. The bankers' straitjacket may be the saving of them.

Lost—One Egg Per Dozen

AT THE request of President Hoover, the electric refrigeration industry is making a game fight to plug up the hole in the dike through which we are losing about $470,000,000 every year by waste in the retail distribution of perishable foodstuffs.

The nation's annual food bill is estimated at about $22,387,000,000. Of this, approximately $2,300,000,000 is for fresh fruits and vegetables, on which losses through evaporation and deterioration run as high as 25 per cent in the case of certain products. One egg is lost out of each dozen distributed at retail, the loss on this item reaching a total of about $17,000,000 annually.



Louis Ruthenburg of Mt. Clemens, Michigan, who is president of Copeland Products, Inc., and chairman of the refrigeration division of the National Electric Manufacturers' Association (in charge of the survey), says that retailers of foodstuffs have taken these losses as a matter of course when they might shut off most of them by a moderate investment in refrigerating equipment.

If the retailers make this investment it will, of course, help the refrigerator manufacturers, but the latter will be by no means the only beneficiaries. After the cost of the equipment is amortized the retailers will realize increased profits and customers will be supplied with a much higher grade of perishable goods. Fruits and vegetables will be better preserved, of more attractive appearance and firmer and crisper because they will have retained their normal content of moisture.

Cooperative Banking

ROY F. BERGENGREN, executive secretary of the Credit Union National Extension Bureau, has brought out a revision of his *Credit Union* (Beekman Hill Press, $1.25) which brings down to date the story of the coöperative banking movement in which Edward A. Filene of Boston has taken such an active part.

A credit union, to abridge Mr. Bergengren's own definition, is a coöperative society, operating under the supervision of some state department and supplying its members with a simple, convenient system for saving money, making it possible for them to take care of their own short-term credit problems at legitimate rates of interest.

Mayor Raiffeisen of Heddesdorf, in Germany, organized the first credit society in the middle of the 19th century to relieve the farmers of his district from the aftermath of a period of famine. Mr. Filene became interested in the German movement in 1908, but the idea had been transplanted to North America about 23 years earlier by Alphonse Desjardins, who established "La Caisse Populaire," or Peoples' Bank, at Levis, just across the river from Quebec.

Mr. Bergengren, warmly backed up by Mr. Filene, is now the spearpoint of this movement in the United States. His account of it is well written, authoritative and significant, and carries added meaning because it is addressed not so much to the statistician or research worker as to "folks who may be interested to organize and operate credit unions."

FRANK A. FALL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

Revolving Stages and Trick Scenery

IN THIS hot weather it would be a hardship to all of us to write or read anything about either *Gasoline Gypsies* or *Ebb Tide,* the two very typical products of the silly season that were presented last week. You don't want to see them, and I just want to try to forget that they ever happened. Anybody who has read this far is now warned that he or she is in for a theoretical appraisal of the relative importance of words, actors and scenery in the recent theatre. If he or she isn't interested, he or she may be excused to go swimming.

The season which has just drawn to an end contained a large enough proportion of successful productions whose most notable feature was unusual scenic effects to have the thing assume the proportions of a "trend" or something. *The Green Pastures* used a treadmill; *Grand Hotel* employed a revolving stage; *Five Star Final* had a revolving stage and played three scenes in different levels of the proscenium as well; and *Anatol's* eight scenes were slid in and out on Jo Mielziner's ingenious platforms. In *Roar China* there was real water on the stage and a battleship moved towards shore (in this case the audience) and lowered menacing guns into position to annihilate us all. *The Miracle at Verdun* employed not only a baby revolving stage, but three talking movie screens, so that Herr Chlumberg's slender play was completely submerged in mechanical effects. And now *The Band Wagon* appears, which has a double revolving stage—one that can turn in two directions concentrically and at various speeds.

It isn't only a product of American efficiency or ingenuity, either. Abroad the same sort of thing has been going on to an even greater extent for some time. In London they are packing them into an otherwise very dull show called *The White Horse Inn,* apparently solely on account of the magnitude of the production, and they have thought nothing of changing old theatres in various European capitals into semblances of night clubs so that *The Wonder Bar* could be performed. The German and Russian stages are famous for their staggering effects, but even conservative Paris has its *Théatre Pigalle,* where all manner of strange devices do astounding tricks with the scenery before your eyes. At the *Staatsoper* in Berlin I saw a ballet, *Die Planeten,* in which the scenery moved in and out in time with the music.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Very pleasant little show about Paris and Dubuque.
Crazy Quilt: Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy if it's gags you want.
Grand Hotel: Still going strong. Absorbing melodrama.
Once in a Lifetime: The year's funniest show. At the expense of the movies.
Precedent: Earnest and effective presentation of the case for Tom Mooney.
Private Lives: I still haven't seen the new cast, but the lines are there.
The Band Wagon: Smartest revue in years. Brilliantly staged.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: The private and scandalous lives of a couple of poets and their families.
The Green Pastures: Last week of a beautiful show.
Third Little Show: For Beatrice Lillie addicts. Some good tunes, too.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious play. Glenn Anders is in it now.

Does this apparent submergence of the actor and the author under a mass of mechanical effects prove anything? It is my belief that several definite conclusions can be drawn from it. In the first place, quite a lot of it can certainly be laid to the influence of the films, and I believe it is a manifestation of an ill-advised attempt on the part of theatrical producers to compete with the talkies on their home grounds. In the films you can show a fleet being sunk or an airship being blown up with a semblance of reality quite good enough for any dramatic purpose. What the talkies can't do yet is to produce a sound that can compare, in its power of affecting the human emotions as a sound, with the actual human voice. Also, because of the impossibility of varying the tempo of the performance with the varying reactions of different audiences, it will be impossible for the timing of laughs or pauses to be perfectly done in the movies as they are on the stage.

However, most theatrical producers the world over being unanalytical, ill-educated and unoriginal men, a great many of them have been trying to save the spoken drama by means of the very thing which in the long run would be bound to consume it. In their defense it must be admitted that it is far easier to make a stage revolve than their own brains. What they must eventually realize is that the movies have forever taken the bulk of the audiences that regard the theatre merely as a spectacle and not as an unrivalled means of revealing the depths of human souls.

It must not be supposed that I am for a moment laying the undeniable success of *Grand Hotel, The Green Pastures* or *Five Star Final* to any passing fancy on the part of the public for revolving stages or treadmills. Those plays were successes because they were written by men who had something to say and knew how to say it in terms of the theatre. The complementary part of my thesis is that no amount of trick scenery can make a play succeed if there isn't something like a play there in the first place.

To sum up, I think that there are a gratifyingly increasing number of playwrights who understand the legitimate uses to which a quick change of scene may be put, and that the present apparent taking over of the theatre by the mechanics is not as serious as it may seem. It won't last, and well written and acted plays in one set will always survive—not only because of the small expense of their production, but because they can give us a more satisfying glimpse of the way our fellow creatures think and act than any amount of scenes or strident noises ever can.

Plus Ça Change . . . .

By way of proving graphically my point above about waiting for laughs I would commend to your attention *Crazy Quilt,* the "new" edition *Sweet and Low,* in which the many years of practice Fannie Brice, Phil Baker and Ted Healy have had with all those old gags show to the best advantage. When Mr. Baker still says that the beautiful chorus girl's telephone number is Riverside eight four two eight, the man in the box still knows exactly the right fraction of a second at which to yell, "two nine." If you heard that now in a talkie it would only make you quite ill. In a revue it does not matter so long as Ted Healy does not have too much to say about it. Furthermore, according to the size of the audience the Monday night I finally saw *Crazy Quilt,* depression or no depression, there remains a lot of people who never heard of Keith Circuit—I know it's called RKO now, but good laughs all date back to pre-Orpheum days—or would rather pay four-forty for Fannie Brice, Phil Baker or Ted Healy than have them all at the Palace with Georgie Jessel thrown out at a dollar seventy-five.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Movies

Four Carbon Copies

LOOKING about night after night at the acres of empty seats which even our ice-cool movie theatres display these days, I have come to the conclusion that Fate or some similar agency of justice has finally caught up with machine-made entertainment. Hollywood has always worshiped the idea that the film business was not very different from the tomato-canning industry or the paving-brick business. It had to. Eight hundred—think of it—*eight hundred* films a year mean a lot of work. I defy anybody to develop and stage eight hundred, or even four hundred or two hundred, fresh, well-written and well-planned entertainments in a year. Of the lot there are bound to be ten or twenty good ones and well over seven hundred sleazy imitations. Now adequate imitations are all very well in motor cars, or shoes or bricks, but the "entertainment business" is perhaps the only line of human endeavor which resists mechanization so resolutely at every stage. People go to the theatre (or film house) to see something new. They turn to their automatic refrigerators expecting to find ice cubes. It does not matter that today's ice cubes look precisely like last week's cubes, or last month's or last year's. Ice cubes are ice cubes and that's about as far as they go. The plot, theme or story of your evening's entertainment is another matter. You have paid somebody money to entertain you and give you a fresh slant on things. You ask for (and should occasionally discover) spontaneity, gaiety and drama. It is true that certain elemental themes, such as romance, adventure and mystery, will keep cropping up till doomsday, but they need not always sound alike. I don't know just what Hollywood is going to do about the situation, but I think that the general public knows what it is going to do. It is going to stay away from those pictures which it does not like, and go in extravagant numbers to those occasional ones which do strike its fancy. The movie is now a respectable dramatic medium, not just a time-killer.

Night Angel is the first carbon copy on today's list. It is the story of the poor girl of doubtful family who falls in love with the rich and socially prominent district attorney. It is not really bad; it's just extremely dull. Nancy Carroll and Frederic March are among our better actors, but even they don't always take it seriously.

Chances is a war film with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It is pretty good in spots, but it, too, sounds like a carbon copy of all the other war movies. Plot—two brothers, very Hollywood-British, both love the same girl. One killed at the front.

Big Business Girl is the old idea that stenography is done with the legs (pretty legs) and that bosses are beasts, heh-heh. Loretta Young is the girl, but the best thing in the picture is Joan Blondell as a professional correspondent. She is swell.

I Take This Woman is the one about the pampered society girl who falls in love with the rough he-man cowboy (Gary Cooper). After running out on him Carole Lombard finds that Love is better than riches and fine clothes. There are some well-directed sequences, but who wants to rehearse this old plot again.

Worth Seeing

Beggar's Opera: Unusual—a modernistic German edition of the old English ballad play.

Five-Year Plan: A silent travelogue with a talkie lecture in English showing what the Russians are doing.

Public Enemy: Hard-boiled gangster film.

Secret Six: Another gangster story with Wallace Beery.

Le Million: Delightful and amusing French farce—extremely pleasant and gay—no French needed.

Pennsylvanians and Chicagoans: Censors in your districts are reported to have cut **Public Enemy** and **Secret Six** to ribbons—in which case this department's endorsement is withdrawn.

Skippy: Percy Crosby's little boy and his friends—among the best.

Smiling Lieutenant: Light entertainment with Maurice Chevalier, a beautiful blonde *and* a beautiful brunette. Also lingerie and Strauss music.

"The Maltese Falcon"

Dashiell Hammett's story of the mysterious and sinister events inspired by a mythical statuette of a falcon fashioned of "pure gold and covered with priceless jewels" was so genuinely mystifying as to leave me still a little bewildered when it was finished. Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez and director Roy Del Ruth have done a pretty smooth job—too smooth perhaps. In many ways *The Maltese Falcon* is unusual. Its romance is confined to a single casual night of love, and the film closes with Mr. Cortez seeing Miss Daniels safely tucked in jail for a nice long term. Perhaps "mystifying" isn't the right word. *The Maltese Falcon* is baffling—but it is also absorbing.

Talkies in French

If your French is pretty good—and only if it is pretty good—there are two new films from Paris which offer light entertainment. *Le Mystere de la Chambre Jaune* is an old Gaston Leroux mystery story, so completely baffling as to leave you still a little bewildered when it is over. Nevertheless, it is well done and certainly holds the attention. *Le Culte de Beauté* is a screen operetta with a lot of fast repartee of the Al Woods bedroom variety, but not nearly as much impropriety as you might expect. One remark which caught my fancy was the answer the sanitarium manager gave the young lady who asks for a gift. He offers her a free course in his Nudist Cult.

CREIGHTON PEET.

Paramount

LOVE AMONG THE CZECHOSLOVAKIANS

Nancy Carroll and Frederic March in "Night Angel," a little story of Prague-on the-Hollywood

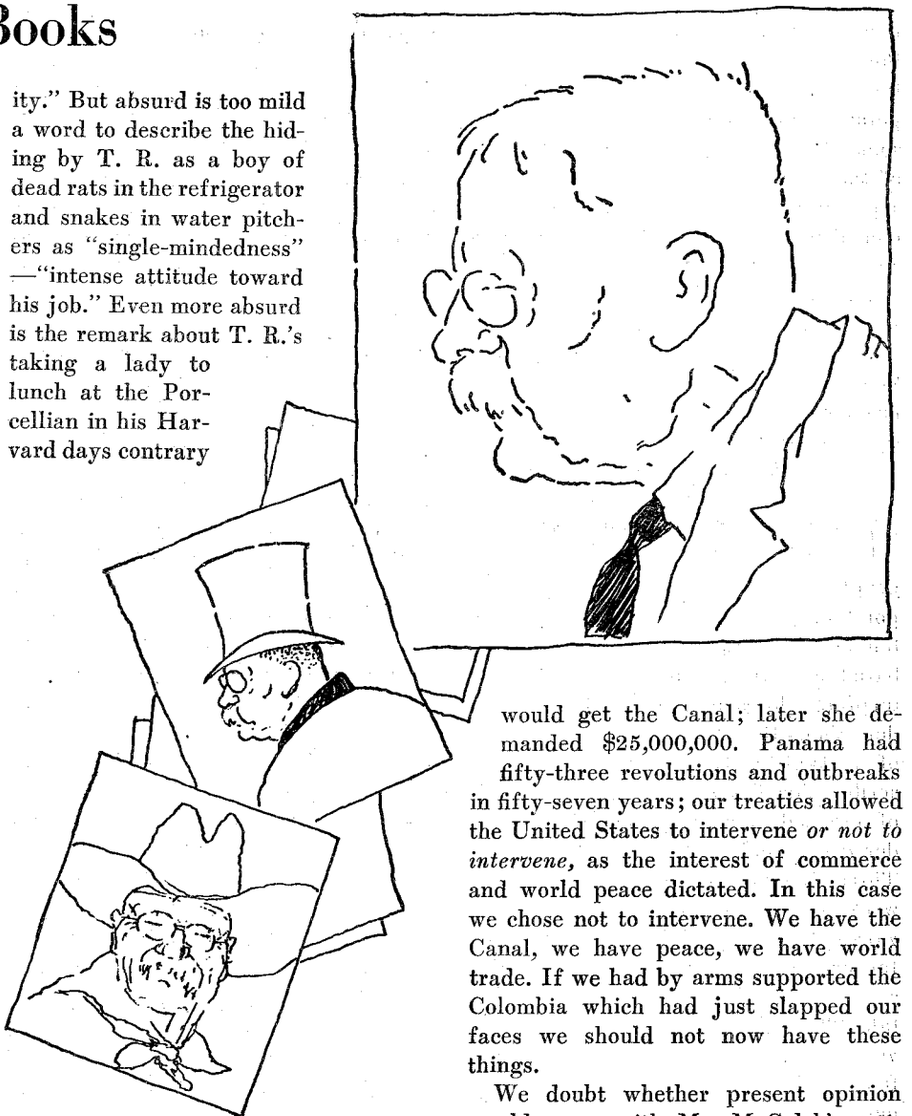
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The Week's Reading

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT," by Walter F. McCaleb (A. & C. Boni, $4). The author has gained distinction as banker, teacher of history, reviewer, financier and writer of books. He is a Texan Democrat; and it is natural that his own political views should color his conclusions about Roosevelt's actions. Thus, he cannot understand how the young, ardent Republican should support Blaine and scorn the mugwumps and roar lustily at Godkin's attacks. And certainly T. R. did go the limit on that point—"I loathe hypocrites;" and of an article in *Life* he said, "It was quite Godkinesque—two parts imbecility, and one part bad temper." And again Mr. McCaleb speaks of Roosevelt's election to the New York Assembly as "won by intimidation and fraud" and as a deal with Joe Murray and his gang; as a matter of fact, T. R. went just once into the red-light district and was introduced by Joe to a saloonkeeper, who instantly urged T. R. to get saloon licenses reduced. "You don't pay half enough now," said T. R. He was then asked by Joe to do his canvassing in the silk-stocking region!

Mr. McCaleb has an absurd tendency to see portents of evil in his subject's early life. Thus in that Joe Murray incident he sees the start of "an irony not infrequently colored by hypocrisy, but a hypocrisy that often turned on sincerity." But absurd is too mild a word to describe the hiding by T. R. as a boy of dead rats in the refrigerator and snakes in water pitchers as "single-mindedness"—"intense attitude toward his job." Even more absurd is the remark about T. R.'s taking a lady to lunch at the Porcellian in his Harvard days contrary



to a rule; in this, says the author, "we see the man who later in life on divers occasions was to put under foot the rights of others." Stuff!

Sometimes even when Mr. McCaleb sides with T. R. he can't resist saying that he had it coming to him; thus he says that Root in the 1912 Republican Convention "was to knife him with suave brutality," but blames T. R. because he had long known Root "as an able but sinister representative of Big Business."

In the Colombian-Panama matter the author can see nothing but that Roosevelt was "exactly in the plight of the robber caught with stolen goods who persisted in his clear title to the property." Presumably Mr. McCaleb has read T. R.'s two Messages to Congress, the official statement, but a second reading might help him understand the crooked, extortionary course of Colombia; Maroquin in the presidency called the Congress together for the first time in five years to reject the Canal Treaty, and adjourned it without its doing another thing. Colombia was complacent while there was a chance that Nicaragua would get the Canal; later she demanded $25,000,000. Panama had fifty-three revolutions and outbreaks in fifty-seven years; our treaties allowed the United States to intervene *or not to intervene,* as the interest of commerce and world peace dictated. In this case we chose not to intervene. We have the Canal, we have peace, we have world trade. If we had by arms supported the Colombia which had just slapped our faces we should not now have these things.

We doubt whether present opinion would agree with Mr. McCaleb's estimate of President McKinley when he says that he "had never an idea, not an inspiration, no independence, was the tool of the interests."

Mr. McCaleb is a clear writer and his narrative is highly readable. No doubt his book will be a starting point for debate between those who were Progressive and stalwart Republicans twenty years ago and between both and the Liberal Democrats of the same era.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

"TOLSTOY: New Light on His Life and Genius," by René Fülöp-Miller (Lincoln MacVeagh Dial Press, $5). This volume, issued under the authority of the Tolstoy family, contains much material never before published. The short stories and sketches are, with few exceptions, preliminary arrangements of material later used in completed works, and are interesting only to students of Tolstoy's method. The letters and reminiscences of friends are rather more valuable to the general reader especially in view of Gandhi's development of Tolstoy's moral theories. A great many of the letters expound ideas which have,

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

Father, by Elizabeth: Doubleday, Doran. The daughter of a novelist escapes for adventures of her own. Gay and charming. Reviewed June 10.

The Road Back, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A poetic and moving picture of the individual and collective tragedies of the returned soldier. Reviewed May 13.

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes: Houghton Mifflin. A detached and clear picture of fifty years with their changing influences. Pulitzer prize novel. Reviewed July 2, 1930.

Lively Lady, by Kenneth Roberts: Doubleday, Doran. Fine historical novel of the period of 1812. Reviewed May 13.

Non-Fiction

The American Black Chamber, by Herbert O. Yardley: Bobbs Merrill. Memoirs colored with sensational disclosures of the Cryptographic Bureau established by the author during the War.

My Experiences in the World War, by John J. Pershing: Stokes. At the front and behind the lines from the point of view of the American commander. Reviewed May 6.

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. This exquisite sonnet sequence is the best of all Miss Millay's distinguished work. Reviewed April 29.

New Russia's Primer, by M. Ilin, translated by Professor Counts and Nucia Lodge: Houghton Mifflin, $1.75. Written in clear prose for Russian by an engineer with poetic vision, this inspiring book about the five-year plan should be of great interest to Americans, young and old.

The Martial Spirit, by Walter Millis: Houghton Mifflin. A brilliant study of the Spanish American war which should be of interest to all, even those who are not old enough to remember it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, an old-fashioned flavor. The rebellion in them has become familiar and tame. But some, concerned with more personal problems, are fresh. There is some question in this reviewer's mind of the value of publishing this material separately. Obviously it should be included in a definitive edition of Tolstoy such as Dr. Fülöp-Miller tells us is being undertaken by members of Tolstoy's family. Tolstoy's ideas are not popular in Bolshevist Russia, but it is good to know that the Soviet government has nevertheless safeguarded his home and the Tolstoy museum.

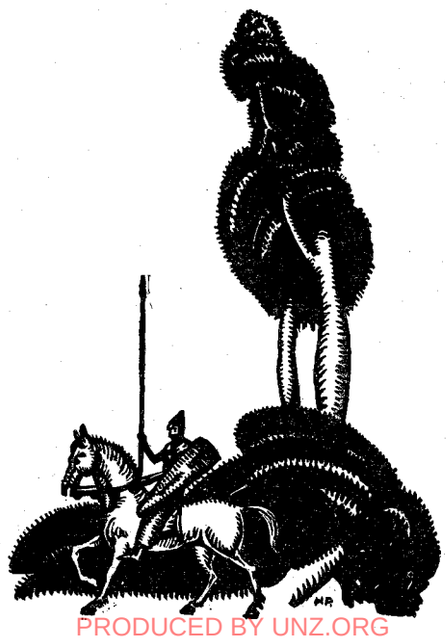
FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"GO MARRY," by Brendan Williams (Horace Liveright, $2). Photographic realism, unleavened by viewpoint or personality, makes soggy sustenance. The story of any human life, bared starkly to your eye and uninterpreted, loses significance. Small wonder, then, that the cramped monotony of a typist's twenty-four hours, described thus flatly down to the last detail of cracked washbowl and shabby underwear, should not stir your response. Three London working girls spend a week-end at Maidenhead with three varyingly amorous males and then suffer, each in her fashion, the dreary consequences. One of them spins out the tale. Through her cold, saltless account, you watch them fingered by their bosses, fed haphazardly, carelessly washed, moved, if at all, by hurt pride or tired irritation. The sounds, smells, sights and sensations which make up their lives are recorded, by Jenny Farm, the most self-possessed of the three, with an unflinching accuracy. Of the illusions, fantasies or dreams with which even the most meagre beings keep themselves alive, there is no mention. The book marks out a rhythm as deadening as the plop of successive raindrops into a gutter. *Go Marry* has been repudiated for its improprieties. This reaction seems needless. When there is no spark, a flame cannot be kindled.

"SHIPS OF YOUTH," by Maud Diver (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Even the most gallant ships of youth find treachery on matrimonial seas. When Eve Challoner and Lance Desmond, living in India, take oath to stay together, for better or worse, they have a gilded vision of the years ahead which stress of circumstance soon tarnishes. Lance must make his career in the British Political Service; Eve, a musician of talent, must be free to compose. Through Lance's work, their difficulties merge with the turbid undercurrents of India's present-day unrest and with the urgent demand, in Anglo-Indian life, for personal sacrifice. Due to a careless accident, Eve's baby, prematurely born, dies in two weeks. The strain upon both Lance and Eve opens a rift between them which is only healed after months of acute grief. You are left to feel, however, that, though rough weather may break again, they have forged for themselves a mutual understanding which no storm can cleave. Throughout this tale of wedded problems, Mrs. Diver plainly deprecates what she calls the "cheap cynicism" of people who love more than once and without the rooted permanence of marriage. To her mind, the only desirable elasticity must come within the limits of a single-hearted, unshaken purpose. Her attitude, while it is honest, pitches her long, careful story to a sentimental exaltation somewhat unfitted to life outside the flowery wilderness of exotic frontiers.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

"THE Windmill on the Dune," by Mary E. Waller (Little, Brown & Co., $2.50). Light summer novels are coming in, and readers who recall *The Wood Carver of 'Lympus* will be pleased to find Mary Waller's new romance among them. This sentimental story is saved from cloying sweetness by the brisk open-sea atmosphere that permeates it. The narrator is a Cape Cod artist whose early home experiences have given him a distorted view of human relations. When he is a lad his mother runs away from the loneliness of life on the Cape with a sea-captain husband. Later, Michael Chelworth's egotistic stupidity drives his own wife to leave him, and he bids fair to become an embittered and useless misanthrope. He goes to France to paint and there, on the coast of Brittany, develops a heart



Vacation Reading Chosen From

MACMILLAN BOOKS

For BOYS and GIRLS

SKIPPING ALONG ALONE

By Winifred Welles

Illustrated by Marguerite Davis

Poems of a small boy's thoughts as he skips along alone, of the people he meets and the things he sees. $1.75

THE PICTURE BOOK OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

By E. A. Verpilleux

The classic story of desert islands told in striking colored pictures and clear, simple text. $2.50

NORTH AMERICA: The Land They Live in for the Children Who Live There.

By Lucy Sprague Mitchell

Illustrated by Kurt Wiese

A new kind of geography-story-book about this continent, its people, animals and land. $3.50

MAKING AN ORCHESTRA

By Dorothy B. Commins

A clear description with pictures of each instrument in an orchestra, also an orchestra for you to cut out and set up for yourself. $1.50

BUCKAROO: The Story of Piñon Ranch.

By Fjeril Hess

Illustrated by Lee Townsend

A girl's year spent on a ranch as teacher in a country school. A vivid picture and a thrilling story. $2.50

Send for our complete list of spring publications.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Boston
Atlanta Chicago
Dallas San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to match his mind. The fairly complicated plot is well worked out, and the characters, if a bit more like illustrations than like people, are still picturesque and pleasant. But the surest charm of the novel lies in its sensitive descriptions of life and nature on Cape Cod and in Brittany. The effect upon character of a life spent in close contact with Nature in elemental form is well understood and impressively expressed.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

IN CASE you are to be numbered among those who have felt that the intricacies of operating an airplane are beyond your poor power to comprehend, much less master, you are slated for a complete revision of your ideas. Indeed we won't be surprised if after you have read *Wings of Tomorrow* (Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $2.50) you start making inquiries about prices and deliveries and not long after that find yourself in possession of an autogiro to use for those week-end trips to your favorite camping spot as well as for those business trips which would have been pleasant if it hadn't been for the boring train journey. *Wings of Tomorrow* is the complete story of the autogiro written by its inventor, Juan de la Cierva, and edited by Don Rose. The book traces the evolution of the fascinating "ugly duckling" from the inventor's childhood experiments to the craft's modern perfection and versatility. It is written in a style that is readily comprehensible to the layman but at the same time sufficiently technical to show why the autogiro is spin-proof, stall-proof and about as fool-proof as aircraft can be.

BERNICE WHITTEMORE.

The Field of Religion and Philosophy

YEARS ago Huxley wrote, "An intelligence, if great enough, could from his knowledge of the properties of the molecules of the original cosmic vapor have predicted the state of the fauna in Great Britain in 1888 with as much certitude as we may what will happen to the vapor of our breath on a cold day in winter." This statement is typical of the mechanistic materialism of the science of the past century, a science which seemed to destroy religion or even the possibility of it. But this very science has in the past decade or more had to face a vigorous rebellion in its own ranks. Physics, on which all the other sciences have sought to base themselves, no longer utters materialistic dogmas with the old confidence. And to the doubts of the physicists like Jeans and Eddington there are added the criticisms of the philosophers like Whitehead. However, it is inevitable that the orthodox mechanists should not surrender the field without a struggle and it is logical to expect the biologists to be aroused even more than others. In *Biology in Human Affairs* (Whittlesey House McGraw-Hill) we have a treatise by ten or twelve eminent authorities in the field of biology and kindred subjects which sums up what this field has yielded to date and the hopes it holds out for the future. The editor and writer of two of the chapters is Professor Edward M. East of Harvard. He will have no trafficking with religion or metaphysics. He denounces such well-known scientists as Pupin, Compton and Millikan for issuing pronouncements favoring theology and philosophy. In his eyes these men are but biting the hand that fed them. For him there is no path to truth except that of mechanistic science and the sooner men realize this the better for them. But whether one agrees or not with the underlying philosophy of the editor of this book he cannot but be impressed with the solid achievements which these chapters ably summarize. They are well worth reading. Yet to make success the proof of the validity of the mechanistic theory is not the kind of test which Professor East would be likely to apply generally—to the cures of Christian Science, for instance.

Professor East is a little too hard-boiled in his mechanism. A better case can be made for the essential soundness of his position by one who does not claim quite so much for it. Such a one is Professor Morris R. Cohen, the well-known American philosopher. In *Reason and Nature* (Harcourt, Brace) he has set forth his basic philosophical position. This is a volume of nearly five hundred pages on the meaning of the scientific method. Professor Cohen, as he puts it in his preface, "believes in chance and spontaneity in physics and mechanism in life." He has a deep and abiding faith in reason as the only sure tool man has for mining out the secrets of the universe. There is much that we shall never discover with it for there is much in nature that is beyond our reason. But he has no faith in intuition or mysticism as a way of reaching truth; what is beyond reason is simply beyond us. In thus backing up the essential validity of the scientific approach Professor Cohen quite recognizes that this approach very frequently leads to vagaries like behaviorism and psychoanalysis but he insists that the very virtue of the method lies in the fact that such vagaries are finally brushed aside. Science can be counted upon to discover and correct its own errors. Like Professor East he too is unimpressed by the religious and philosophic lessons drawn from science by great scientists for he feels that in

Dr. Chaffee Recommends

The Recovery of Worship, by George Walter Fiske (Macmillan). A persuasive plea for better worship in our Protestant churches and some concrete suggestions for bringing it about.

The Way of the Sceptic, by Rev. John E. Graham (Dial Press). A Roman Catholic answer to modern doubts and contemporary scoffers.

The Reality of the Idea of God, by W. Tudor Jones (Richard R. Smith, Inc.). A carefully reasoned statement of the case for theism based on the conclusions of modern science as to the nature of the universe and man.

Jesus the Son of God, by Benjamin Wisner Bacon (Henry Holt). A semi-popular treatment of the sources of the Christian gospel by one of the greatest scholars in the field.

The Head of the Corner, by Louis Matthews Sweet (Scribner's). A fresh treatment of the place of Jesus in the Christian faith.

How Shall I Learn to Teach Religion? by Blanche Carrier (Harpers). A guide book for exploring the country of religious education which should prove of great help to Sunday School teachers and others charged with like responsibility.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these speculations they have departed from their own scientific method. Yet the careful reader will not find him irreligious for he has a keen desire to find and live the good life and he bows in reverence before "the abysmal mystery of existence." This book is packed with rigorous thought and it makes demands upon the reader. It is not intended for popular consumption but for the man or woman who wants an honest analysis of the present state of philosophy in the light of the present state of science we know of nothing better.

Yet we confess that Professor Cohen is not entirely convincing. Like most philosophers and scientists he dismisses much too lightly a whole body of fact which ought to give us pause. We refer to the field of psychical research. Of course it is fashionable to say that these facts are nonexistent and thus avoid explaining them. But this will not do, as Hereward Carrington shows clearly in his large and carefully documented book, *The Story of Psychic Science* (Ives Washburn). This is a clearly written history of this field from the times of Egyptians up through the Delphic oracles and on to the present phenomena of Rudi Schneider. No one in this country is better qualified to deal with this baffling subject than Carrington. He is a conjurer; he has exposed many fake mediums; he has been in touch with psychical researchers on both sides of the Atlantic for many years. He is convinced that telepathy is a fact, that bodies are levitated, that supernormal knowledge is frequently obtained. He is not a spiritist, for this hypothesis he does not believe proved, but he is completely convinced of the existence of the phenomena on which spiritism is based. It is the history of these facts which he has written and he has done it in an entertaining manner, yet free from the sensationalism which is so often bound up with the treatment of these matters. Those who feel that nothing has been accomplished in this field would do well to read this volume carefully. Those who believe that orthodox science has said the last word would do well to read it still more carefully. Here is a challenge to thoroughgoing mechanistic biology. As Carrington well says: "If the physico-chemical or mechanistic view of life be true, it is obvious that psychic phenomena of any description cannot occur. . . . . Yet they do exist." This is the best single book in this field which has yet appeared. The above three volumes, East, Cohen and Carrington, read in the order named, are all needed for a comprehensive view of the total problem we face.

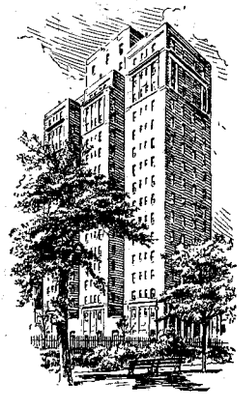
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Behind the Blurbs

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN has just published in its Riverside Library of dollar reprints Stanley Vestal's *Kit Carson,* Luther Burbank's *The Harvest of the Years,* Gamaliel Bradford's *Damaged Souls* and Ian Hay's *The First Hundred Thousand.* ❧ ❧ ❧ A vol. highly endorsed by this dept. is *The Omnibus of Romance*[1], containing 24 stories selected for their romantic interest. There are a few old stand-bys, like *The Pavilion on the Links,* and *Monsieur Beaucaire,* but for the most part the tales are less well known. Among those present are Pushkin, Gobineau, Harold Frederic, Hergesheimer, Gerstäcker and Howard Pyle. ❧ ❧ ❧ Light verse goes out of style very quickly. Later it may swing full circle and come into style again. But after a certain number of years it may be charming—but it is old-fashioned. Do we not detect in *Death and Taxes*[2], Dorothy Parker's last book of verse, a melancholy flavor that is not that of the verses themselves, but belongs to the moods and manner of yesterday? The thousand things that make up our minds for us change, and our point of view slowly shifts. Perhaps the depression has something to do with it. Perhaps Mrs. Parker's depression seems less amusing and more trivial now that it offers less contrast to everything else. Or perhaps we feel that way because, with one or two exceptions, the verses in this new book aren't nearly as good as those in *Enough Rope.* ❧ ❧ ❧ Now first issued in one vol. is Sir William Orpen's *The Outline of Art*[3], a 700-page survey of European (and American) painting from the 13th century to present times, very fully illustrated, which should be useful as a reference book. WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Ed. by John Grove: Dodd Mead, $3.00.
2. Viking, $1.75.
3. Putnam, $5.00.

From "The Merry Ballads of Robin Hood" by Laurabelle Dietrick (Macmillan)



The HOTEL that's HOME

Among the multitude of hotels in New York, The Parkside, opposite Gramercy Park, stands unique. You'll like it if you like the modern but not modernistic, smartness but not sophistication. Here is a residence hotel of old-time loveliness and modern convenience. All single bedrooms, cosy size and home-like. A few connecting rooms. Roof terraces and pent house solarium for the exclusive use of guests. A delightful dining room and really *good* food. Absolute comfort prevails, free from the usual hotel bustle. Centrally located and *not* expensive.

Rooms $15 to $22.50 weekly (All single rooms)
$2.50 to $3.50 daily

The Parkside
Eighteen Gramercy Park
SOUTH
COR. E. 20th ST. and IRVING PLACE
New York
Gramercy 5-6000

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
Fully accredited. Upper and Lower schools. New **fireproof** buildings. **Health record.** Small classes. Supervised study. Prepares for college or business. **Able faculty. R.O.T.C. Athletics.** Give your boy what he cannot lose—education. Catalog, 34th year. Write: **Dr. J. J. Wicker,** Pres., or **Col. N. J. Perkins, H. M.,** Box O, **Fork Union, Va.**

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 58. **Springfield. Mass.**

Little "Ads"
The Outlook and Independent Classified columns are carefully guarded and closely read. The circulation of the Outlook and Independent is world-wide.
Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 248 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music

Notable New Recordings

One of the loveliest and best executed compositions to appear on disks for a long time is César Franck's *Sonata in A Major,* for violin and piano, as played by Alfred Dubois and Marcel Maas[1]. This marks the début of these two fine Belgian artists on records in this country, and we are lucky to have this album both on account of the music itself—melodic without ever being trite—and the skill of the players and the recording engineers.

Brunswick had come out with an unusually varied list of shorter orchestral compositions which are mostly of a good deal of interest. Probably the best is Julius Prüwer conducting Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture*[2] with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, not nearly as solemnly as did Mengelberg recently for Columbia[3]. This takes up three twelve-inch sides and the fourth is filled up with a brilliant *Rákóczy March* from *The Damnation of Faust* of Berlioz. Apart from their both being nineteenth century works it is difficult to see the reason for the association, but Albert Wolff and the Orchestre de l'Association des Concerts Lamoureux make the latter piece a very nice thing to have. The same orchestra and conductor also give us rather more than adequate versions of the *Nocturnes Nos. 1 and 2* of Debussy[4]—each on two sides of a twelve-inch record. The second, *Fêtes,* is the more successful transcription, being full of the proper gaiety.

There ought to be some way of stopping Victor from issuing such high hat, condescending renditions of perfectly swell light songs as Richard Crooks's of *Yours Is My Heart Alone,* from Lehar's *Land of Smiles,* and *Two Hearts,* from *Zwei Herzen im Dreiviertel Takt,* Robert Stolz's fine German talkie operetta[5]. Mr. Crooks has all the opera singer's worst mannerisms at their most nauseating in this record. He should listen to the way Richard Tauber does the same sort of thing and not sing so much as though he were doing the composer a favor.

Louis Armstrong is with us again with a couple of very warm ones which you probably won't hear much elsewhere —*Them There Eyes* and *Little Joe*[6]. They are Armstrong at his amazing best, which by now should be recommendation enough.

O.C.-T.

1. Columbia, Masterworks No. 158.
2. Brunswick, 90155/6.
3. Columbia, 67893/4 D.
4. Brunswick, 90158/9.
5. Victor, 1509-B.
6. Okeh, 41501.

▸▸ Prose and Worse ◂◂

We were interested to learn that a new restaurant in New York, "Old London," is to include a Sailmakers' Loft, "in which broken spars, boathooks, sails, fishermen's nets and a definitely marine tang transport diners to the river Thames. The marine tang is the first synthetic sea air ever produced, so far as is known, and is the result of successful laboratory experimentation."

Personally, we don't think a marine tang would be so hard to get. A few dead fish and a couple of strands of decaying seaweed will give you about all the illusion you can stand. Rig up a fan and pass cooled air over these things if you want to imagine you're at the seashore. You don't need any laboratory for that. But we suppose some sort of scientific terminology has to be used nowadays in order to impress people. Even ordinary common sense facts won't be accepted unless you have put them into a graph or a formula. People don't like to believe things they can understand any better than they did in the dark ages.

But to return to tangs—we're going to open a restaurant in New York which will be impregnated with the tang of the Open Road. A couple of faulty gasoline burners and a bit of burning rubber, and there you have the authentic perfume of the great outdoors—and maybe you think city-bound nature lovers won't flock to it in thousands, such a lot of gipsies as we all are!

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"I have met a taxi-driver who read Villon," states a Chicago professor, *"and my plumber recites Keats."*
(quoted from a recent issue of *Life.*)

Our plumber is a burly chap
With grimy hands and vacuous map—
  Extremely unbecoming;
I watch him putter round the drains
And muse, "This fellow has no brains
  For anything but plumbing.

"He has, it's true, a skillful touch,
For fixing leaky pipes and such
  He is accomplished, very;
But books are quite beyond his ken,
He nourishes no vital yen
  For matters literary."

I ask him then, "What do you do
When times are hard and jobs are few,
  Olaf—you walk the streets?"
"Nah!" he replies, "When work no come
I bane do nodding, joost stay home,
  —Home wit my Wife and Keats."

Ah, then I marvel at this soul
Whose woes a poet can condole
  For all his worldly scars;
I shake his hand and shed a tear!
I stand him to a mug of beer
  And slip him five cigars.

Maurice Sagoff.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We are just back from a short motor trip with our mind full of thoughts about road hogs. Most of these thoughts had better remain just thoughts—i n d e e d, we doubt if the printer has facilities for setting some of them up in type. But on the constructive side we have some suggestions to offer which, if adopted, might do something toward making America even safer for democracy than the war did.

There are two kinds of road hog. The first is the smart Aleck who likes to see how far off the road he can crowd other cars. When he was a boy, he jumped out and said Boo! when his mother was carrying a trayful of the best china into the pantry. He is still a great practical joker. There is nothing much that can be done about him, except to let Nature take its course and hope for the best in the shape of cholera, or a grade crossing.

The second kind of road hog is more to be pitied than scorned. He is the man who fears to be crowded into the ditch, and so sticks to the middle of the road, come hell or high water. It is our belief that something can be done about this man. He is not truculent, and he is not trying to be funny. He sins through ignorance, fear and a left-hand drive which does not permit him to see clearly the edge of the road. Now so far as we know, none of the lists of rules and recommendations for safety in motoring says anything about driving as close to the right-hand edge of the road as possible. Nor do driving instructors stress this point. Yet the most valuable thing that a motorist can learn is to judge how close his right front wheel is to the edge of the road. Most drivers watch the left wheel, keep as close to the middle as they can, and let the right wheel take care of itself. This is easier, even if it does give the cars coming from the other direction a few uneasy moments. The other way is more difficult, but it does not take long to learn it. We know, for we have tried. And it is much safer.

Walter R. Brooks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

The Genius

ONLY watch him for a moment as he sits, a drooling infant, upon his mother's knee. His little head wobbles in puckered amazement from side to side. From the frown between his brows you feel certain that he is pondering the ultimate destination of life—that here is a child of character. A wandering fly has caught his fancy. He fixes it with a stare. It moves. He turns his head. It flies around him. He turns his head, half way upon his tiny neck. The fly alights upon the wall behind the baby. The baby turns—and turns—and —shuddering heavens! Did you see? Do you take notice of this marvel? The infant's head is turned completely round upon his shoulders, and with his back towards the wall he stares at the fly!

So at birth was the involved pattern of his life fixed and stamped and set in insignificance.

You may imagine, as the child grew older, that he was made much of by the neighbors—that he was popular at school. You may also gather that education was of small account to him. Why should it be, when to gain the admiration of his teacher he had only to sit facing her respectfully, and at the same time look through the open door behind his back? Or, if it were good marks that he was after, what could be simpler than to write steadily upon the paper in front of him while he read easily from the one behind? He was certainly the most noticed, the most admired and sought after of all the boys in school.

So it was natural for him to run away easily straight into the arms of the world. If in school he could so handily pick up attention, extra marbles, and any number of pennies, what would not be waiting for him in the great world? He answered confidently, everything! And having lost childhood, discipline and education by the mere turn of his head, he proceeded to join the circus.

Well, the world was his for the taking. It was plain that such a miracle as a man whose head could turn completely around had never happened before. The world was in love with the idea. All he had to do was to turn his back upon it and at the same moment look it squarely in the eye. That was a fascinating thought. More than one woman in the crowd looked after him so wonderingly, so wistfully, that his heart was touched. He could not give all of them all they wanted—no; that would be impossible for one man. Nevertheless, his heart at times became horribly confused trying to follow the direction of his head.

This confusion began to tell upon his work, so for the first time in his life he considered himself seriously. He found to his amazement that he was practically at the mercy of every pretty girl he turned his head to look at. This was because of his kind heart, for it was evident that they were all in love with him. There was only one course to take. He chose a girl at random one day and married her.

So now, he told himself philosophically, he had gained safety although he might have lost love. But as the days went on he felt that something somewhere was all wrong. He turned his head as easily as ever but the old-time gaiety was gone. He saw gradually that he had made a dreadful mistake. He had swapped his independence for a mess of safety. He had traded his adventurous life for jealousy and leading-strings, and though he continued to turn his back bravely and look at the world, it was with a brooding eye.

It occurred to him one day with a flash of inspiration that no man of genius needed to be tied down. The same talent that made him desirable as a good provider made him independent of any woman. For he could always get another job! A day or so later he lit out.

And now at last he came into his destiny. He realized finally that a man whose head can pivot on his spine is not like other men; the ordinary ruts and attitudes of life will never do for him. He must be free of care, of responsibility, of thought, of life even, in order to be himself.

It was in this light-hearted spirit of complete self-realization that he turned his head one day to smile upon the audience behind him. It was a wild and happy crowd and he caught the spirit of it magnificently. He winked knowingly, and they cheered him. He winked again, and the crowd surged forward. Two men with delighted faces separated from the others.

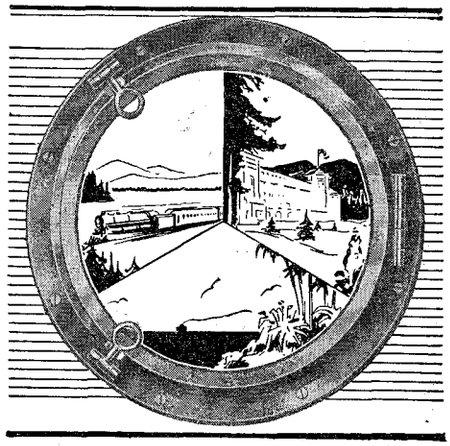
"Come on, Buddy!" they cried genially, "we got an order from the wife. You're arrested."

The tumult died down finally, but the harassed captive still argued with his captors. Until one of them laid a sympathetic hand upon his arm.

"The trouble with you is, Buddy," came the admiring diagnosis, "there's too few of you. What chance has a guy to lose a woman when he's got a genius like yours?"

IBBY HALL.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Short Vacations

Holidays of a week, two weeks, or a month, can be better planned if suggestions of several types are considered . . . a choice of mountains or seaside, or travel at home or abroad. ¶ Short cruises or a combination of ship, train, and bus . . . River voyages, lake voyages . . . Up or down the Atlantic or Pacific Coast . . . National Parks, either singly or in combination . . . Bermuda . . . The Caribbean . . . Alaska . . . California . . . Nova Scotia . . . New England . . . The Adirondacks . . . Dude Ranches . . . A hundred ideas for short vacations, and as many more for long ones. ¶ For suggestions on every type of vacation, together with descriptive literature, address Mrs. Kirkland, *Director*.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What About the End of the Earth?

(Continued from Page 242)

improvement by any fear that their labors will come to an untimely end: they are working not only for the present day, but for remote posterity. Every discovery made and adopted, and every real advance in social conditions, is practically permanent and perpetual. If by gradual wisdom and international friendliness we could reduce armaments and the means of artificial destruction to a minimum, and devote our energies to the fostering of life rather than of death, we should have energy and means enough for innumerable improvements, such as are now so much needed. These, when they come, may revolutionize human existence in the most beneficent manner. At present it looks as if the destruction of humanity could be brought about by its own unwisdom rather than by cosmic and, so to speak, providential causes. If we continue to invent means of destroying one another, and have the will to use them in moments of madness or popular excitement, then it appears possible for us to wreak our own destruction. That is the real danger. We need have no fear from astronomy or cosmogony. The dangers are more within our own control.

If we devote our energies to combatting the ravages of disease, we may diminish the biological dangers in which we live. Apart from war and high explosives, our main dangers are biological. There was a time when our ancestors had to fight wild beasts. Now it is our business to fight the microbes and the deleterious insects and other pests which carry on a war against higher organisms. They are really within our own powers of control if we choose to concentrate attention upon them. More and more are the causes of disease understood: more and more are the powers of improving the conditions and combatting disease being put into our hands. As long as we are occupied with internecine warfare, or with preparations for the next onslaught upon each other, these avoidable dangers will continue to flourish. The end of civilization may be brought about by avoidable causes, such as these, rather than by intractable agencies beyond our present control. There is plenty to be done if we woke up and attended. So long as we have to expend immense sums on instruments of destruction and the means of distributing them—whether by Navy, Army or Air Force—so long we shall be hampered in our expenditure for all good objects; and even though human life may continue, its energies may be wasted in disgraceful and suicidal futility.

The world is a lovely place. It seems to have been prepared, by the long course of evolution through the ages, for the habitation of a sensible, conscious, aspiring race. And each generation as it passes over the scene should utilize the knowledge it has acquired to recognize the real problems that lie in front of it, and to direct its energies to the conscious improvement of its habitation, so that the world, throughout the centuries which are to come, shall be a healthier, happier and nobler product of evolution than ever it has been yet.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of June 20, 1951

In his message to Congress last Monday, the President suggested legislation to prohibit the Chief Executive from accepting invitations to dedicate memorials to his former associates or predecessors.

"Success was assured for our enterprise," remarked the editor-proprietor of the *Evening Tribune* of Metroburg, "from the day that we began printing across the top of our first page the slogan, '*No Professional Baseball News in This Newspaper!*'"

An article in the June, 1951, *Old Ladies Home Magazine*, eulogizing the late ex-president Mapleson, said: "He rejected innumerable opportunities to make 'easy money.' For example, he did not—as he readily could have done—employ a cent-a-word 'ghost-writer' to turn out his daily syndicated article."

Tit-for-Tariff

(Continued from Page 237)

sults. Our wealth and industrial development have given us a world economic leadership. Where we go, others will follow. This, in a word, was the spectacle which foreign countries saw: At a time of great prosperity, the United States, whose industrial progress has been the envy of the world, revises its tariff upward, in order, as the revisionists argued, to create a still higher level of prosperity for its people. If the United States thought it necessary to do this, why should not countries less well organized industrially do the same?

Thus through the sheer power of example, the Hawley-Smoot bill has started the ball rolling, and by way of "emulating" the United States, in the words attributed by an interviewer to Senator Moses of New Hampshire, other countries have boosted their tariffs all along the line. An era of international tariff competition seems to have begun, the same sort of vicious cycle that has so often characterized international naval programs.

As Secretary of Commerce, President Hoover labored hard and long to build up our exports, and to create among the American people the feeling of "foreign-trade-mindedness." Under his leadership, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce became a far-flung organization, with offices in every foreign city of importance, devoted to helping the American exporter win an increasing share of the foreign markets of the world. Earlier in this article a few figures were given to illustrate the extent to which American industry and agriculture are dependent upon foreign markets to take care of their surplus. Without these foreign markets, as President Hoover knows as well as any one else, the American industrial machine can not operate at its full potential productive power, and he and his advisers can hardly view with indifference the sharp decline in our exports.

It would do well to bear in mind another point. The returns from all the precincts are not yet in. Other countries may join the international tariff-making race. Not every country acts with the swiftness that Canada, Italy and Spain have acted, and some countries too may be waiting until they learn more in detail how the flexible provisions of the new tariff act will actually work out. If the Tariff Commission does not fulfill the high expectations with which it has been invested, other blows may be struck at our export trade.

Placed on the statute books in a period when European industry was in a slump, and at a time that the United States was enjoying good times, the 1930 act has thus seriously undermined American goodwill abroad. The loss of that goodwill is reflected in the decline of our exports, in tariff retaliation, and the difficulties which now face American exporters at so many points on the battle-front of international trade. To regain that forfeited goodwill, and to win back the lost ground in exports, are two objectives that must find a place in any really adequate program for the return of our national prosperity.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 244)

London requires from twenty to twenty-two minutes on the average. The time difference amounts to two minutes, which is equivalent to 35 lengths!

Old Man River is not a fixed quantity. The Poughkeepsie regatta is always rowed downstream from Crum Elbow with a favoring tide. At New London,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the direction varies. This year Harvard and Yale rowed upstream from the railroad bridge to Bartlett's Cove, the tide being offset by a swollen river current.

At Poughkeepsie, the regatta date is fixed in accordance with tidal trends. The stewards suit the date to the river, pick a day on which the evening tide will be running out. That's why the crews invariably row downstream. No such flexible provision obtains at New London. Tradition decrees that the regatta be held on the Friday following Commencement. Since the date is fixed arbitrarily, the stewards must adapt the course to the twilight tide. This explains why Harvard and Yale row upstream some years and downstream others. A counteracting current may mean dead water on the last mile when the finish is opposite Bartlett's Cove.

I talked with one of the three Poughkeepsie judges recently. "If the race is at all close it's much harder to place the crews at Poughkeepsie than at New London," he said. "When you have nine shells competing, the leading eights are apt to be separated laterally by a broad expanse of water. They are spaced out so widely across the width of the Hudson that the angle is deceptive when viewed from the finish dory.

"If two Poughkeepsie crews, one moving inshore and the other rowing in midstream, were to duplicate that deck-to-deck finish which featured the 1914 Harvard-Yale race I'm afraid the judges would have to cast lots for the winner."

▶▶*Football Prestige*

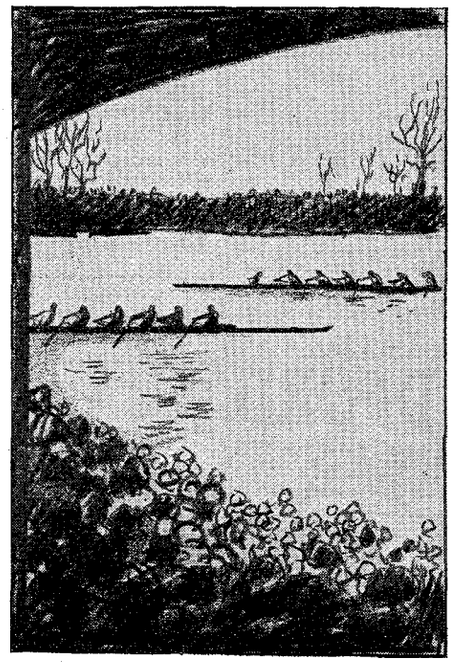
A CONTEMPORARY, attempting to prove that football prestige is no longer a royal road to popularity at blasé eastern colleges, writes: "The captain-elect of the Yale Eleven was not tapped for a senior society this spring."

My colleague may be sound in his thesis, but he chose an unfortunate example by which to drive home his point. Albie Booth happens to be a Sheff. man—and a member of exclusive St. Elmo Club to boot. Sheffield Scientific School students are not eligible for membership in the Academic Senior Societies. That's why Booth didn't happen to be standing under the gnarled oak tree, near Battell Chapel, when dark-suited seniors gave the back-slapping accolade to pale-faced juniors.

I rather imagine that Albie would have heard the mystic phrase, "Go to your room!" if he had enrolled for a classical instead of a scientific degree. Skull and Bones (a pause while Yale men don ear muffs) is not in the habit of overlooking football captains, though Tom Shevlin wasn't snatched in through the gaunt High Street door by a phantom arm at midnight.

▶▶*Hyphenated Athletes*

A SCOTSMAN, born and bred, won the British Open Golf Championship, though few American newspapers will admit it. The "eagle-screamers" herald



Tommy Armour's victory at Carnoustie as "another Yankee triumph."

Armour may have taken out naturalization papers, but he was born in North Scotland, educated at Edinburgh University, and decorated for gallantry in Picardy as an officer of the Black Watch. Stalled inside the German lines when his tank was crippled, Armour leaped from the boiler factory on wheels and throttled a Bavarian soldier with his bare hands. Tommy lost the sight of one eye and partial use of his left arm in France, but he did not lose his golf touch.

Long before he left Edinburgh for greener financial pastures across the sea, Armour won the Amateur Championship of Scotland. This disposes of the claim that Tommy learned his golf in America. Competition against our crack professionals sharpened his game and gave him the ripened experience which made possible his Carnoustie success, but there our credit ends.

If Armour is an "American golfer" then Robert Bruce must be classed as a Yankee general and Bannockburn as an American victory. From the standpoint of sport, it takes more than an eagle-embossed certificate of citizenship to make any change in a competitor's nationality.

GEORGE TREVOR.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

LET THE OUTLOOK

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

FOLLOW YOU

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

ON YOUR VACATION

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

•

No need to be out of touch merely because you are away. It is quite a simple matter to have the Outlook come to you whether you have selected as a summer hideaway your favorite trout stream or "the farthest corners of the utmost sea." The coupon below is for your convenience.

•

Be sure to send in your new address early. Notice of change affects third issue after date of notification.

•

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT
120 East 16th St., New York City

DEAR SIRS:

My present address is: .....

.....

.....

Beginning (date) ..... *change to*

.....

.....

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and 25c charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

England

HOWARD HOTEL, LONDON
Elegance & Luxury

Every bedroom is fitted with hot and cold water, central heating and telephone. Elegant suites and many bedrooms with private bathrooms. The restaurant serves the finest of foods and wines in the brightest and most attractive of surroundings. The Lounges are spacious and luxurious. Bedrooms from 10/6 ($2.50). Send for Illustrated Booklet to Outlook and Independent Travel Bureau which will make reservations for you.

NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W.C.

Maine

YORKS LOON LAKE
RANGELEY, Maine

For three generations, non-housekeeping summer homes for discriminating families. Outstanding dining room supplied from farm. Rustic modernization. All sports.

Massachusetts

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
THE LESLIE

A quiet, cosy little House by the sea. Opens June 27th. Private baths. Descriptive booklet. 27th season.

HOTEL VICTORIA
Boston, Mass.
Special Tourists' Rate
from June to
September

BOSTON

FOR modern travelers by air, rail or highway, here's a cordial welcome and complete hotel service. Wide variety of restaurants. Room with bath—single $3-$5. Double $4-$8. Garage service.

HOTEL LENOX
HOTEL BRUNSWICK
Boylston St. on either side of Copley Sq.
HOTEL BRADFORD
Tremont St. near Boston Common
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT

May We Present Your Advertisement in these Columns?

•

Your advertisement placed in these columns will reach our 85,536 alert well-informed subscribers. Outlook assures the advertiser class circulation with real buying power, at a minimum rate. Write:

•

Outlook Classified Advertising Dept.

HOTELS AND RESORTS

New Hampshire

CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE
May 1st—November 1st
A spacious comfortable house for a limited number of guests. Box 786, Windsor, Vermont.

LAKEPORT, N. H.
MOUNTAIN VIEW FARM
Overlooking Lake Winnipesaukee
Booklet, 35th Season, MATT KIMBALL

New Jersey

"A RECOGNIZED HOTEL"

THEDFORD

Overlooking the Ocean. Suites with Bath. Leading Family Hotel in Asbury Park.
SPECIAL JUNE RATES
Phone 197. Duffield Management.

New York

FENTON HOUSE AND COTTAGES
Adirondacks, altitude 1571. Noted place for rest and health. Own dairy and vegetable garden. Write for particulars. C. Fenton Parker, Number Four, N. Y.

KILKENNY LODGE and Cottages
In the Adirondacks at Elizabethtown, N. Y. Excellent food—moderate prices—most exceptional place between New York and Montreal. Our grounds adjoin Cobble Hill Golf Course. Address Stanley S. Kilkenny.

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

THE MOHAWK and Cottages. A modern Adirondack hotel offering golf, riding and a wide range of sports and amusements. C. O. Longstaff, Old Forge, N. Y.

"ROADS END" On Lake Sacandaga
"Where the Trails Begin"
Adirondacks
A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the campfire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N.Y.

THE STUDIO
Thousand Island Park, N. Y.
Camp for adults, a place in which to rest, relax and recuperate.

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq. New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

OPPORTUNITY for refined gentleman to become active in high-class, rapidly growing country club. Investment secured by mortgage bonds. Box 2007 Outlook and Independent.

TOURS AND TRAVEL

4 DAY CRUISE TO A FOREIGN LAND
Romance-bound from New York to
YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA
900 mile cruise on the luxurious S. S. EVANGELINE. Two days in quaint Acadia. Stay at fine hotels.
$39.80
EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES
1 East 44th Street, or Pier 18 N. R., New York or local tourist agent

HELP WANTED

POSITIONS on Ocean Liners; Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. 292-G, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

LADY with excellent family background, home maker, experienced traveler, unincumbered, desires position with person of sterling character and social distinction. Highest recommendations. 9728 Outlook and Independent.

EXPERIENCED young college teacher for governess, companion, or any suitable position. Box 9736 Outlook and Independent.

AMHERST SENIOR needs summer work. Companion—travel—tutor—five years scout and camp experience—chauffeur. Excellent references. Box 9737 Outlook and Independent.

STUDENT; young man, clean habits, mechanical training; will drive car month or more with party touring. $15 week and expenses. References. Interview near Philadelphia. Box 9738 Outlook and Independent.

I CAN HEARTILY recommend a young Englishwoman looking for summer position as tutor in French. Graduate of the University of London. Five years in France. Excellent French speech. Address Mrs. A. P. Saunders, Clinton, New York.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

YOUR COMPLETE PERSONAL HOROSCOPE calculated by one of the foremost American astrologers (graduate engineer and mathematician.) A highly scientific, practical, individual and confidential Astrological Service touching all angles of the personal life. When writing for terms send date and place of birth for brief personal survey. Positively no obligation. ROSS PATTERSON, Rockport, Knox County, Maine.

GENUINE NAVAJO RUGS
Direct from Reservation. Lowest prices in years. Beautiful colors and designs. Wear a lifetime. $6.00 up. Catalog. C. G. Newcomb, Crystal, N. M.

COMIC PEN and ink sketch made from your photo for $2.00. Send photo and state hobby. Photo returned. Box 2001 Outlook and Independent.

STEER HORNS
LONGEST STEER HORNS for sale in Texas. Over six feet spread, polished and mounted. Le Bertillion, Mineola, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS

HOROSCOPES Scientific Astrology practically applied to business.
Finance, Health, Events. Horoscopes written in detail.
GEORGE W. SMALLWOOD, M. D.
PEPPERELL • • MASSACHUSETTS

MISCELLANEOUS

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS WHAT YOU ARE BEST fitted for. Alexander's frank analysis of your handwriting unusual, valuable. $1.00. DON ALEXANDER, 140 East 34th St., New York City.

YOUNG WOMAN would enjoy correspondence with young women in North, West, Great Britain, or in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Box 1999 Outlook and Independent.

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Pencil Biter" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

CLUB PAPERS, ARTICLES

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED AND REVISED. Club papers or addresses promptly prepared. Satisfactory, confidential service assured. CRITERION SERVICE, 632 Tillotson Street, Trinidad, Colorado.

BOOKS

THE LARGEST PUBLISHERS of privately printed and limited editions in the United States invite you to send for their free literature on such books and on their unexpurgated publications dealing with curiosa and esoterica. THE PANURGE EDITIONS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WRITERS—Send at once for free booklet HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES without obligation. Daniel O'Malley Company, Inc., Suite O, 1776 Broadway, New York City.

WESTERN AMERICANA, books on the Indians, local histories of any section of the United States, and other rare and interesting books; catalogs sent on request. JOHN VanMALE, 3331 East 14th Ave., Denver, Colorado.

CONDITIONS OF THE *REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST*

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged *worthy of any prize, the contributor whose* Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED